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April 24, 1954

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The Crux of the Oppenheimer Case

SINCE the news broke of the Atomic Energy Commission's suspension of J. Robert Oppenheimer on orders from President Eisenhower, Washington has been burgeoning with rumors, theories, new charges, and ostentatious refusals to comment. By the time the hearings on the case have ended, the trail will have been criss-crossed by so many noisome herrings that even a clear-cut verdict may never dispel public doubt. Next week we will treat the case extensively in these columns. In the meantime it would be a help if a few simple facts could be kept steadily in mind. One is that the entire security file on Dr. Oppenheimer has been officially known and several times scrutinized over a period of at least twelve years. The one new element in the situation was the accusation in the A. E. C.'s statement of charges—which provided the basis for the President's order as well as for the current hearings—that Oppenheimer had lobbied against the hydrogen-bomb project after it had been officially decided upon. Specifically, the statement alleged that he had distributed among top scientists at Los Alamos the advisory committee's advance report, in order to "turn such top personnel against the development of the hydrogen bomb."

This accusation Dr. Oppenheimer has denied, explicitly and in detail. He admits having opposed the "crash" hydrogen-bomb program when it was suggested in 1949; his objections were shared by the entire membership of the General Advisory Committee, along with a great number of leading scientists not connected with the A. E. C. The reason for his opposition was stated in the advisory committee's unanimous report to the A. E. C. Once the program was decided upon the members of the committee "never again raised the question of the wisdom of the policy . . . but concerned ourselves rather with trying to help implement it."

Since everything else in the A. E. C.'s bill of particulars—Oppenheimer's left-wing associations in the thirties and early forties, his contributions to Communist-supported causes or to organizations now listed as subversive—since all this had been considered and disposed of by the officials responsible for atomic security, the secret "trial" now under way should by rights turn on one question and one only. That question is, did he or

did he not use improper methods in opposing the hydrogen-bomb program and continue to oppose it after it had become accepted policy? If he did, and is therefore lying when he denies it, he should of course be dismissed no matter how great his previous services. If he did not, if the accusation is false, then the action of the President and the A. E. C. was without any justification whatever, and its ill effects will not be undone even by a decision of the Personnel Security Board exonerating Oppenheimer. For nothing will expunge from the record the old charges recited by the A. E. C. as part of the case against him.

It is all right to say that one must not prejudge the case itself; that the panel conducting the hearing is impartial and of high caliber and that Oppenheimer is thus assured a fair "trial." All this is true, but it is not sufficient to quiet the doubts and suspicions that have been aroused by the circumstances surrounding the action against the country's leading atomic scientist and by the behavior of the members of the government since the story appeared. It is not a reassuring fact, for example, that the decision to reopen the case was made at the height of the controversy over Harry Dexter White, when the previous Administration was being assailed for laxity in dealing with "subversives" in office. At the time the F. B. I. itself sent a summary of the Oppenheimer file to President Eisenhower and raised the question whether a man of his former association should have access to secret data. The President's consultation with his top advisers and the decision to suspend Oppenheimer followed immediately. It is a little hard to imagine that this sequence of events bore no relationship to the fierce competition in witch-hunting then going on among the Republican high brass. Nor can one help suspecting that the story was "leaked" to the *New York Times*, prior to its publication last week, in the hope of forestalling a triumphant exposure of the same charges by Senator McCarthy as "evidence" to support his claim that the hydrogen-bomb project had been delayed for eighteen months by "traitors" in the government. (In this connection we recall without added discomfort that before the Oppenheimer story broke, Presi-

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dent Eisenhower said he had no knowledge of a delay such as Senator McCarthy charged.)

More light was thrown on the real intentions of the Administration by its ever-frank Defense Secretary. Commenting on the fact that Dr. Oppenheimer, who had served also as consultant to the Defense Department's Research and Development Board, had not been retained after July last, Mr. Wilson blandly remarked: "We dropped the whole board. That was a smooth way of curing it as far as the Defense Department was concerned." And continuing the "smooth" approach, he explained why it was unwise to have "reformed leftists" in the Defense Department: "It's a little bit like selecting a teller in a bank. If the man frequents gambling joints and has contacts with the underworld you ordinarily don't hire him. . . . You don't wait until he has stolen money from the bank and then try to do something about it." As a philosophical reflection on the charges brought against a high official who has given years of unstinted devotion and unique gifts to his country, that would seem somewhat less than adequate. But it reveals plainly enough that Mr. Wilson's idea of "curing" the situation is to get rid of Dr. Oppenheimer no matter what the verdict of the Personnel Security Board. It is also of a kind with the whole handling of the episode by the Eisenhower Administration, and will tend to increase the feeling that the case is so deeply bedded in a background of political scare-mongering and repression that justice has already been tossed to the McCarthys.

Middle East Program

In our issue of April 10 we published an editorial on the Middle East pointedly entitled *Post Mortems or Peace*. Therein was summed up the tragi-comic scramblings of the great powers to apportion blame for a powder-keg situation which could, in the meantime, blow up in everyone's face. Obviously the need is to deal with the Middle East in terms of peace instead of in piecemeal terms. This is precisely the task performed by an impressive memorandum, Security and the Middle East, which was presented last week to President Eisenhower and to Secretary General Hammarskjöld of the United Nations by nineteen Americans, comprising distinguished representatives of the churches, labor, the writing, teaching, and legal professions, and including Freda Kirchwey, president of The Nation Associates. Written without rancor, juxtaposing cold statistics and a warm appreciation of the human stakes involved, the 172-page document points out that there is no cure for the region's ills except at their source: the hunger and backwardness of the exploited Arab masses.

The signatories warn that just as peace cannot be reached through post mortems and appeasement, so

security cannot be achieved on the basis of military alliances alone. "There are no modern armies in the Arab world," the document states. "There are no skills essential to a modern army base; no industry to supply a base network." And most important, "behind the Arab armies stand hostile, hungry people" to whom "defense of democracy is a meaningless abstraction as long as it fails to cure or alleviate a basic malady—hunger." The document—which should serve as an excellent sourcebook on the region—reviews the political and economic, as well as the military, history of this strategic corner of the world. In dramatic contrast to the pervading misery, it points up the fantastic actual as well as potential wealth of the area—in oil, natural gas, chemicals, barren land that needs only to be developed.

THE signatories point out that the birth of Israel did not create the Middle East problem, nor would its disappearance resolve it. The only threat which Israel poses to the Arab world is to its "stagnation, its human degradation, the greed of its governing classes." What the Arab governments fear from Israel is conquest not by arms but by example. The economic rejuvenation of the Arab world would cure the region's basic sickness, and with the cure alleviate the most alarming immediate symptoms: the tragic and recurrent violence in the area.

It is with this in mind that the signatories urge a four-point program "to promote stability in the area and to enable its people to emerge from their impoverishment": (1) no military subventions to the Arab governments until there has been a permanent settlement of the Palestine war; (2) the United States should request the United Nations to bring the principals together to negotiate a permanent peace; (3) with the conclusion of peace there shall be set up a U. N. Regional Resources Development Board for the Middle East with an international fund of \$500,000,000 at its disposal, of which the United States shall contribute \$350,000,000, or 70 per cent, and the oil-producing Arab countries a fair share; (4) in advance of the 1954 session of the General Assembly, the United States should make known its view that "the only feasible and fruitful solution of the Arab refugee problem is through resettlement in Arab countries." In this connection, a \$300,000,000 resettlement fund would be set up, for which American funds now going for Arab refugee relief would be earmarked, and to which both the Arab countries and Israel would contribute, Israel by way of compensation for land within its borders abandoned by Arabs.

"Here," say the signatories, "is a challenge to the free world . . . a unique opportunity to put democracy to work in its most creative terms." And, we might add, here is in particular a challenge to American leadership of the free world, the kind of imaginative leadership which equates security with friendship, loyalty, and justice.

April 24, 1954

Labor at the Water's Edge

BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Chicago

UNDER banners and slogans reading "Peace, Justice, and Abundance" 3,000 delegates streamed into Chicago's Civic Opera House at 8 p.m. on April 8 for the opening of the United Automobile Workers' Sixth International Education Conference. (For a report on the fifth annual conference, which was held in Cleveland, see Herschel G. Holland's account in *The Nation* of April 19, 1952.)

In sorting out the crowding impressions of this busy three-day meeting two remain uppermost. The first is of the delegates themselves. It can be taken for granted that an education conference of this type would draw a somewhat different attendance than, say, a regular U. A. W. convention. Even so, these delegates were remarkable. Seldom have I seen a more orderly, attentive, studious, considerate group at such a large conference, and I use the word "studious" advisedly. In protracted morning sessions at the Opera House they listened to lengthy panel discussions of key issues with unflagging attention. In the afternoon they gathered in groups of ten or twelve, for round-table discussions of the morning's topic, with the key questions arising from the discussions being noted by the presiding officer of each room for later presentation to the executive. After an evening meeting at the Opera House, many delegates met in "bull sessions" some of which started at 11.30 and ran until 2 or 2:30 in the morning. The round-table discussions at which I listened in were conducted with a high regard to relevance and in the most democratic spirit.

IT SO happened that the Palmer House, where I was staying, was overrun with—or so it seemed—thousands of salesmen and retailers attending the national convention of an industry group that shall remain nameless. In the corridors and conference rooms, late and early, the delegates were whooping it up like so many ramblers out on a spree. It was difficult to dislike them, since they were trying so hard, in a clumsy way, to have fun, but after the second day I succeeded, and this despite the fact that I enjoy seeing fun and frolic at conferences and conventions. By contrast, I was somewhat stunned by the sobriety and good manners of the automobile workers. The U. A. W. conference—efficiently organized by Brendan Sexton, educational director, and a fine staff—represented mass education at a level of competence difficult to match in any section of American labor.

The second impression is closely related to the first. The 3,000 delegates struck me as being the vanguard of a new American middle class. I say "new" because it would be obvious to anyone that these were not the same breed of cat that one could see in the corridors and conference rooms of the Palmer House. Not only were

the auto workers more quiet and sober but they were younger, and the Negro minority was represented to a much greater degree. The contrast in appearance was even more striking. Among the auto workers there were fewer heavy paunches, diamond signet rings on the little finger of the left hand, or handpainted ties. Yet one could have counted the number of delegates wearing sportshirts on the fingers of one hand. They were well-groomed, well-dressed, and behaved with a decorum that was actually somewhat disquieting.

The conference's highlight was, of course, Bishop Bernard J. Sheil's castigation of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, as superbly delivered as it was phrased. As everyone knows, the Bishop was once regarded as a first-rate prospect by the major league ball clubs. He has real presence and manner and he was in top form. He had a twinkle in his eye and seemed to relish every point, speaking slowly and with deliberation, as though to add emphasis to each word. And what he had to say was pitched just right—was pitched indeed with real artistry—to the emotional tone of this audience. The reference to the "shell game" practiced by a "city slicker from Appleton"—and who that has ever visited Appleton, Wisconsin, will fail to appreciate this irony?—who had treated the rest of us, humdrum residents of suburbs like Chicago and New York, like so many "country rubes," had a fine down-to-earth quality about it that delegates loved. When the Bishop said "phooey"—his word—to the suggestion that Joe McCarthy's gesture and goings-on should be taken seriously as anti-communism, he blew thousands of dusty fears and confusions from American minds, far more from minds outside than inside the Chicago Civic Opera House. For these delegates had come to Chicago with a strong "anti-McCarthy" bias. In the round-table discussions the suggestions that "something should be done about McCarthy" came with such a vehemence and frequency that the presiding officers were somewhat embarrassed. Outside the convention the effects in Chicago were not hard to detect. A professor at Northwestern told me that his phone had been ringing all day, as elated liberal Catholics, former students, had phoned to remind him that it should now be clear that not every Catholic indorsed McCarthy.

Just as the delegates liked Bishop Sheil's vivid frankness, so they roared approval of a reference, which could prove historic, to "the magic duck." It seems that a General Motors official had complained to a U. A. W. spokesman, apropos of the guaranteed-annual-wage proposal, that "you boys are certainly preparing a sumptuous feast—at our expense." To which the reply had been: "Yes, but the strange thing about that magic duck on the table is that the more you carve from it, the more seems to be left. As a matter of fact, unless we carve a lot more, and a lot faster, that magic duck will get so fat it will collapse and die." The guaranteed annual wage

is the most popular as it is clearly the next major collective-bargaining objective of the U. A. W. The details of the plan have not been worked out but the outline is here: a jointly administered plan for all workers having seniority (after a ninety-day probationary period), integrated with state unemployment-insurance systems, operated on a pay-as-you-go basis (as far as possible), and aimed at eliminating short work weeks, with a guarantee of forty straight-time hours of work per week for a maximum of fifty-two weeks to all employees having seniority. A lot will be heard of the guaranteed annual wage in next year's collective-bargaining sessions.

ASIDE from McCarthy and the guaranteed annual wage, the next major concentration seemed to be on domestic politics. Senator Paul H. Douglas delivered a warm, sparkling, humorous, incisive analysis of the domestic issues in this year's campaign. It could not have been more effective. But the moment Senator Douglas began to talk about foreign policy, the interest of the delegates waned. With the *Chicago Sun-Times*, *Daily News* and even the *Tribune* inveighing against our involvement in the Indo-Chinese war, demanding greater candor from the Administration, and doing a first-rate job—much better than the New York papers—of reporting national and international developments in relation to Indo-China, it was disturbing to hear Senator Douglas voice approval of the use of American naval and air forces and imply, quite clearly, that the Korean armistice was a mistake or mistep in American foreign policy. What was more disturbing was to hear this brilliant spokesman for a New Deal domestic program repeat most of the accumulated clichés of the last fifty years about "differences on foreign policy stopping at the water's edge." He had just finished, it so happened, an incisive analysis of the clear conflict of interest between social groups in American society over fiscal policy. Now if social groups can be in honest conflict over domestic issues of this kind, it would seem equally clear that they could be in honest conflict over, say, how a Point 4 program should be set up or the question of colonialism in Asia. Is it proper to debate all domestic issues but somehow improper—possibly even treasonable—to debate foreign-policy issues? One was reminded, in listening to Senator Douglas, of the late Ernie Bevin loyally executing the Tory Party's foreign policy, buttering up the Arabs, seconding Acheson's German rearmament proposals, and yielding ground only hesitantly, and very slowly, on the major colonial issues. Like the right wing of the British Labor Party, most democrats start being Tories at the water's edge.

The gap in the conference—and it was painfully apparent—had to do with the H-bomb. It was there, in everyone's thoughts, but it did not get discussed. Over a cup of coffee in the Congress Hotel, Dr. Harold Urey

had told me, with deep feeling and emphasis, of his conviction that so long as the power of calculation remains with the policy planners in Washington they will resist the temptation to use any of the new weapons. To use atomic artillery might invite retaliation by the atomic bomb which in turn might lead to the use of the H-bomb, and so on. But a kind of security exists, he thinks, in the situation which has now arisen, with each side in possession of the new weapons and each vividly aware of what "retaliation" implies. Nor is there, in his thinking, much likelihood of more deadly bombs being made. All this would seem to imply the desirability of a policy somewhat less provocative and "bold" than that advanced by Mr. Dulles and considerably less warlike than Senator Douglas would approve. Indeed, the delegates attending the A. D. A. convention elsewhere in Chicago got the point and indicated a lack of enthusiasm for direct military intervention in Indo-China at this time.

But if the foreign-policy approach to "peace, justice, and abundance" was not nearly as well-presented at Chicago as the approach to domestic issues, no one could attend the conference without appreciating the role that the U. A. W. will play in this year's election. McCarthyism, the give-away programs, the Administration's failure to check the recession, the discriminatory tax program, the double-cross of farmers and workers, have certainly aroused this large segment of American labor. Queues were formed in the lobbies of the Morrison Hotel to buy—at \$1 apiece—the large trick buttons on which the slogan changes from "Don't Blame Me" to "I voted Democratic." These delegates left no doubt in my mind that they want political action this year.

Formula for Geneva

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

United Nations

The Geneva conference will open on Monday in an atmosphere more lugubrious than when it first was announced. At the outset the thought of Geneva gave hope to those disappointed with the meager results of the Berlin meeting, especially the failure to resolve the German question. At least the dialogue would continue. Western voices echoed Molotov's comment on Berlin: "The fact cannot be overlooked that the long hiatus in the great powers' conferences, which lasted five years, has now ended."

Unfortunately the cold war intruded into the preparations for Geneva. First, there was an academic dispute as to whether China had received a first-class or second-class invitation. Under attack by several Senators for having consented to sit at the same table with the representatives of Peking, Secretary Dulles insisted that Geneva was not a Big Five meeting. At Berlin the protocol experts had come up with a magic formula which,

so far as the West was concerned, caused China to "disappear." The Big Four were designated as the "inviting powers"; the invited were all parties interested in Indo-China and the participants in the Korean war. In the end neither Russia, China, nor Mr. Dulles was satisfied with the formula. But the communiqué issued at the close of the conference made special reference to Communist China's coming role at Geneva, and Molotov, anxious above all for the meeting to be held, moved this as a retort to Mr. Dulles.

All this would be hardly worth mentioning were it not that Mr. Dulles seems to be prepared to revive the controversy by refusing to grant diplomatic status to the Peking representatives. An even darker shadow hovers over the conference. Despite the Secretary's insistence at Berlin and since that Communist China should "disappear," the Peking regime is nowhere more real than in his own mind and heart. Failing to get Britain and France to join him in his severe pre-conference warning to Communist China, he tried to compensate for this by winning new support for an Asian alliance aimed at Peking, similar to the European alliance created to contain Russia.

IN THE opinion of European diplomats, this strategy is designed to put the Communist bloc at Geneva in the dilemma of having to yield to American views on Indo-China or face a new anti-Communist alliance in Asia. These diplomats believe the maneuver reduces considerably any chance for success at Geneva. Bevanites in the House of Commons shouted "shame," "another Korea," "sabotage in Geneva" when Mr. Eden reported on his conversations with Mr. Dulles. The reaction was so great that the Foreign Minister was obliged to retreat. It was inexact, he said, to describe the agreement with Mr. Dulles as anything more than "a definite commitment to take certain actions in certain circumstances." It is difficult to reconcile the American interpretation with Mr. Eden's. A close associate of Mr. Dulles has explained: First, it is now all but certain that a formal alliance for Southeast Asia, modeled after the North Atlantic Treaty Organization for Western Europe, will be openly agreed to by ten nations after the conference; second, in the meantime a private and informal agreement will almost surely be made to assure combined military action if Red China moves into Indo-China in force; third, there will be no appeasement of the Russians and Chinese at Geneva.

On the development of Russian strategy, opinion is divided. Some see in the recent attacks on Washington by the Moscow and Peking radio and the Soviet press, which accuse Mr. Dulles of sabotaging the Geneva conference "even before it starts," an abandonment of all hope that Geneva can lead to anything. Western diplomats residing in Moscow hold another view. They say that Molotov will make a strong effort to woo France

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to his side; without dropping Ho Chi-minh, he will take into consideration the sentiments of those French parliamentary circles which oppose Bidault. If the Geneva conference fails, these diplomats say, the door will still be left open for a Cabinet coalition in Paris which might include the Socialists, aided by the Gaullists and the Communists. Such a Cabinet could negotiate a direct agreement with Ho Chi-minh.

From Mr. Eden not much is expected after his demonstrated weakness at Berlin. On the other hand, M. Bidault, in order to assuage his increasingly violent critics in France, may advance a formula designed simultaneously to satisfy Communist China's desire for admission to the United Nations and to spare Mr. Dulles difficulty with Congress. This formula would call upon the General Assembly, the Security Council, and the Economic and Social Council to decide that the credentials of the Peking representatives were valid while the credentials of the Formosa regime had become invalid. Because all that would be involved here would be the question of a "change of government" of a member state

rather than the admission of a "new" member, a simple majority would be sufficient, and the United States would have no opportunity to cast a veto. In return for this U. N. action China would promise to facilitate the ending of the war in Indo-China and to respect the status quo in Southeast Asia.

The United States launched a double maneuver over the week-end designed to induce the French to forget about formulas and to wed them more firmly to American policy both on Indo-China and on E. D. C. It did not seem to be working. Vice-President Nixon's unofficial warning that it might be necessary to send American troops to Indo-China provoked this typical comment from M. Pineau, chairman of the French parliamentary Defense Control Committee, on the eve of his departure for Washington: "United States intervention in China would touch off another war." As for the President's announcement that American troops would remain in Europe "as long as needed"—a direct bid for French support of E. D. C.—the French press almost unanimously condemned it as "too vague" and lacking in guaranties.

RED CHINA AT GENEVA

Diplomacy's First Glimpse . . by Edgar Snow

THE Geneva conference on the Far East, opening next week, may be a severe test of American foreign policy. Although past experience gives us odds greatly against the Reds' offering any workable method of stabilizing peace by mutual compromise, it is just possible this time over one issue. If they were to propose any way for the French to terminate hostilities in Indo-China without too much loss of face, then M. Bidault would almost certainly have to explore it. But that would mean defiance of the Administration and its Congressional policy-makers, who insist that the French must destroy Ho Chi-minh. Whether Franco-American relations and E. D. C. could survive the strain of the Congressional displeasure sure to follow a French compromise in Indo-China is not certain.

For one thing, such a development

EDGAR SNOW, author of "Red Star over China" and other books, is an outstanding authority on the Far East.

In this issue we have brought together four major articles on Indo-China and the Geneva conference which opens April 26. Edgar Snow writes as an expert on both the Far East and American diplomacy; William B. Dunn, a former State Department officer who served in Indo-China, writes principally on the attitude of the Vietnamese; Alexander Werth, our Paris correspondent, describes the picture as it looks to France; and J. Alvarez del Vayo, foreign editor, discusses a formula which could make for peace.—EDITORS
THE NATION.

now could provide Senator McCarthy and company with a badly needed new set of spies and traitors to blame for "our betrayal of Bai Dai." For the same Congressmen who convinced themselves that they once owned China, before Dean Acheson and Owen Lattimore

gave it to the Reds, are today obsessed with the notion that Vietnam is ours to keep or give away or perhaps blow away. It is hard to realize that we have so many H-bombs and megatons of power but still do not really possess Indo-China. In truth, the French themselves have never recovered more than a shadow of sovereignty over the Vietnamese people since the Vichy regime a decade ago surrendered it to Japan without a struggle.

Shortly after V-J Day the *Saturday Evening Post* published a report by a correspondent who was in Saigon when the British landed there and first cajoled and then forced the Vietnamese government out of that major city. In this British-secured base the French eventually landed, with American arms, and began the attempt to reconquer their lost colony. By early 1946 it was already clear that the French plan was to liquidate the war-born Vietnamese republic—which was not for four years to receive any aid from Chinese or Russian Com-

munists—and to replace it with a puppet regime of French colonial design. Vietnam was not “ready” for independence.

“The question of Indo-China’s ‘readiness’ for independence,” concluded the *Post* report of that period, “will not be answered by theses built on moral grounds or the logic of justice. Nor will it be settled in this new era of American world leadership in accordance with President Truman’s fourth commandment of foreign policy, ‘that all peoples who are prepared for self-government should be permitted to choose their own government without any interference from any foreign sources in Asia as well as in the Western Hemisphere.’ Rather, it may be determined, as issues of slavery versus freedom have always been settled in the past, by the sum of armed force the ‘slaves’ are able to mobilize, by the degree of fanaticism with which they resist, by the moral and political strength behind their struggle, and in the last resort by the preparedness of the revolutionaries not so much for self-government as to be machine-gunned, bombed, or perhaps atomized in defense of their inalienable rights as free men.”

I WROTE that report. The record has sadly confirmed the prophecy, until today the French admit how greatly they underestimated “the degree of fanaticism” behind Vietnamese nationalism. Many regret now that they did not follow the example set by the British in India and Burma. But it is eight years too late for “orderly withdrawal.” For the Communists, who in 1945 were a small minority, now firmly control the leadership of what has become Vietnam’s war of independence and long-overdue social revolution. Unfortunately it is Ho Chi-minh, and not the former emperor Bao Dai and his mandarins, who has united the Vietnamese people and is their national hero. Without Ho’s resolute and costly resistance to reconquest the question of Vietnam’s “readiness for independence” would probably have become academic.

Few French officials dispute that the Vietnamese understand this very well. What they do not understand is America. For now at the twelfth hour the Administration is in various ways preparing us for more direct American intervention, not excluding large-scale use of

combat forces. Doubtless that is no more paradoxical than certain other means of defending the free world which we have accepted with apathy or frightened rationalizations, such as the rearming of the Iberian liberator who murdered the Spanish republic with the friendly aid of Hitler and Mussolini; the rearming of a German Reichswehr run by ex-Nazi genocide artists, and alliance with a German Foreign Office back under Ribbentrop’s boys; the restitution of industrial ownership and power to Krupp, Thyssen, and other Hitler-loving munitions-makers whose products exterminated vast numbers of peaceable people, and so on.

Nevertheless, it is as yet only in Indo-China that we are really making war against people who never attacked us—to preserve their sovereign rights as free men of the free world.

Among the common symptoms of schizophrenia, say Maslow and Mittelman, are a kind of emotional excitement, “rigid and preoccupied, without keen and adequate contact with the external world,” and “bizarre thinking, which manifests itself in delusions, preoccupations with curious inventions, plans, and mechanical devices.” The delusion that we can settle our differences with people who disagree with us everywhere merely by “mechanical devices” seems manifest in much of our official thinking about Vietnam, as ventilated in recent public speeches and interviews.

INDO-CHINA is not Korea. In the Korean tragedy American intervention had the sanction of international legal and moral doctrine. It is not China, where at least there was a sovereign government to aid. Of course ethical consistency may be of no consequence in dealing with Communists, but more than that is involved here. It is the prospect of tremendous additional waste of material and life in vain. For it is almost mathematically predictable that large-scale American intervention in this colonial war, which has already cost almost as much in casualties and treasure as Korea, could not accomplish its political aims.

It is not impossible to defeat communism. It is not impossible to defeat its leadership of a colonial revolutionary movement. Theoretically it is not even impossible to win a real political victory against Ho Chi-minh. But it is



Courtesy Chicago Daily News
There Must Be Another Road

hardly possible to destroy Ho’s leadership of the Vietnamese revolution by the practical means available to General Motors’ political and military thinking. The war can certainly be enlarged. For instance, French sources state that China has been sending Vietminh forces about 5,000 tons of goods per month. That is a bagatelle compared to the million tons monthly going to the French there from the United States. But major commitments of American ground and air-force help—or even the “united action” of pro-Western powers led by the United States with which Dulles prematurely threatened China—would doubtless bring increased Sino-Russian assistance to Ho. The war could thus be prolonged indefinitely—and incidentally quite a few new private fortunes could be made at the American taxpayers’ expense. Increased sympathy for Vietnam in India, Burma, and Indonesia could be aroused, with mounting hostility against the United States. But Ho would not be destroyed.

The first and basic reason is because Ho Chi-minh is leading a mass movement in which every human being is now or potentially a weapon forged by national revolutionary means to play an active part in guerrilla military tactics. Though Americans won their own freedom by comparable means, they have forgotten the terms of such a war. They do not understand that thermonuclear weapons are of no practical or tactical value here. For overwhelming political reasons “massive retaliation” simply cannot be used. And even modern arms of conventional types are in this war largely of defensive value only.

The second reason is that the most

effective strictly military method of defeating a revolutionary force of this kind—the method of complete encirclement, strangulation and destruction of the enemy's cadres, and extermination or transportation of the politically "infected" population—is not a practical possibility in Indo-China.

The third reason is that total blockade of the enemy's line of supply—from cities and ports of Indo-China as well as across the Chinese frontier—is hardly possible without a major war. Even if the Chinese frontier could be closed, effective blockade would be elusive. Ho Chi-minh's forces now have "bases" among village people from end to end of an agrarian country much larger than France—or about the size of the North China plain, where in seven years of similar kind of warfare against Japan the Chinese Reds built up the power to seize China.

The fourth reason is that the French—the Americans still less—have no reliable bases in the hearts of the people. They are everywhere surrounded by hostile peasants whose language they do not speak, who give them no voluntary help, who are in effect unarmed combatants inside their own lines. It is next to impossible for foreigners to create from this peasantry—and there is no other class which can provide it—the material for reliable anti-Communist combat forces. Many can of course be armed and drilled, for good pay and good food, to handle and use superior fire power in strictly positional warfare. But basically anti-Western peasants cannot be made into soldiers to win and hold villages against their own politically "infected" people.

The truth is simply that Ho Chi-minh has now mastered the slogans and organizational methods which brought the Communists to power in China. These include the techniques of the land revolution—mass arming of the peasants to wrest ownership from the native landlord-gentry minority—combined with a national-liberation revolution, the union of patriots of all classes against the foreign overlord. Since the foreign overlord cannot lead an anti-landlord campaign—which would behead his only native allies—or a self-liquidating social and national revolution, he has no means of organizing the mass support which is bound, in the setting of

Indo-China, to decide the outcome of the war.

Nobody knows this by now better than the French—unless it is the Chinese and Russians, who will attend the Geneva conference. Nevertheless, official Washington statements and most press comment here thus far suggest that the purpose of the meeting is to permit the Chinese to guarantee the liquidation of Ho Chi-minh. That would be a simple and agreeable solution indeed; only nothing of the kind can happen. Both China and Russia now fully recognize and indorse Ho and the "Democratic Republic of Vietnam." And China is not a defeated state coming to the table to receive demands but has become the most formidable military power in Asia. Its army and air force are today capable of either a successful landing in Formosa or adequate counter-moves against the intervention of American armed forces in Indo-China.

CHINA and Russia will thus enjoy a solid bargaining position at Geneva, as London and Paris plainly recognize. Mr. Dulles at first appeased Congress by virtually pledging to listen to nothing short of unconditional-surrender offers from the other side. During his week-end trip to London and Paris, however, he was obliged to contradict such pledges. For the statements issued jointly with our allies, which envisage the possibility of Indo-Chinese peace by negotiation—a diplomatic word for horse-trading—are clearly irreconcilable with Dulles's earlier threats of settlement by ultimatums. It will be instructive to see how this paradox is to be resolved—without serious political consequences on one side or the other of the Atlantic.

Mr. Dulles also promised an agenda strictly confined to Korea and Indo-China. His contention is that it is not even a "five-power" conference because the United States does not recognize Red China. But it is now clear that it will prove impossible to exclude related questions. China's seat in the U. N., the American protectorate over Formosa, the rearming of Germany and Japan, increased East-West trade, prohibition of atomic warfare, and control of thermonuclear energy are among the subjects which must arise.

Communist-American agreement on

such matters is as remote as the political unification of Korea, but the British and French are not unwilling to examine all of them. Any Chinese intimation of a desire for restoration of normal trade and diplomatic relations, for example, would fall on receptive ears. Already enjoying a boom in revived trade with Russia, the British undoubtedly feel that the security of Hongkong and recovery of some lost commerce on the mainland would be well worth the price of a U. N. member's ticket for Red China. Molotov has already indicated one Red aim as a Far Eastern non-aggression pact with Britain and France—and presumably the United States also—provided the French accept Ho's offer to make a truce and open negotiations for a peaceful settlement. What if the Reds offered to use their "good offices" to persuade Ho Chi-minh to agree to a U. N.-supervised general election in Vietnam—which would leave the French some hope of holding on to Cochinchina and Cambodia? What if they actually turned up at Geneva with Ho himself or one of his deputies ready to discuss such a deal?

A few other bids of a similar nature could turn the conference into at least a propaganda triumph for the Communists, especially if Mr. Dulles remains tied by his "no-compromise" pledges to his Congressional audience. In this respect Mr. Molotov, it should be noted, will enjoy the new advantage of sharing the voice of the Communist world with an Asian nation for the first time sitting as a peer of the great powers. This will tend to cut the ground from under the argument that the Western powers represent strictly free states only, as against a Russian-ruled empire of slave states denied any semblance of sovereignty.

Speaking about Asia and itself Asian, the Chinese voice could carry more weight among people on both sides of Suez than that of Western statesmen talking about Asia without the help of any great Asian state to interpret and validate their claims as champions of Eastern freedom. In spite of these interesting opportunities, however, the odds of experience are, as observed at the outset, that Mr. Molotov will not create any trouble for Mr. Dulles by being reasonable—not if he can help it. It remains to be seen whether Chou En-lai will follow the Molotov tradition.

POLITICAL SOLUTIONS

Must Precede Military . . by William B. Dunn

FEW people think that the Geneva conference will really solve the heart-breaking dilemma of Indo-China, where the Western powers are in a weak position both militarily and politically. Their military weakness lies mainly in the fact that France, though far from defeated, is heartily sick of it all and seeks almost any kind of settlement. It is still not clear how its strength in the area could be replaced.

If the military position of the Western nations is equivocal, their political position in Indo-China is a positive embarrassment. France has sought to develop a friendly Vietnam which could share its struggle against the Vietminh and eventually, as an independent state, could succeed to its power. The attempt has been a dismal failure. The free world has waited five years for the Bao Dai government "to gain the confidence of the Vietnamese people"—and is still waiting. Vietnam has all the outward forms of a functioning nation, but underneath are appalling public lassitude and cynicism. In its present weakness Vietnam could not survive the withdrawal of Western military force, even if the Vietminh had been defeated.

One of the most disheartening problems faced by the Vietnamese government is the aloofness of many competent men, who refuse to serve even as "loyal opposition." These men are known in French as *attentistes*. The word is usually translated, somewhat clumsily, as "fence-sitters." Although they have renounced the Vietminh, and although as nationalists they are as outspoken as anyone in Vietnam, they will not support the regime of Bao Dai. Their basic objection, however, is not to the Bao Dai government itself; rather, they are profoundly convinced that the Bao Dai government is still under French "colo-

nial" domination, that France intends to continue this domination, and that Vietnamese political leaders from Bao Dai down are making no meaningful effort to throw it off.

The few score *attentistes* represent, at a very sophisticated level, the deeply held feelings of Vietnamese of every kind, including many thousands who by no stretch of definition can be considered partisans of the Vietminh. It is hardly too much to say that the Vietnamese are a nation of *attentistes*. Their most cherished desire is national independence; yet they reject out of hand a developing independence under French guidance, preferring to wait for it to come into being in some other way.

It is time for us to realize that we must have political victory as well as

government must be in healthy condition *before* the withdrawal of the military strength of the West. In these matters we are now hopelessly at cross-purposes with the Vietnamese people. This is the heart of the dilemma of Indo-China, and we dare no longer ignore it.

We of the Western world see the issue of Indo-China in terms of the free world opposed to communism. To us communism signifies the expanding and aggressive Soviet imperialism which directly threatens our national independence and with it the liberties we hold dear. It is too easy to suppose that other peoples necessarily see the situation in the same terms. So stated, the problem is virtually meaningless to the Vietnamese. For most of them communism is an academic issue, hardly more pressing than cannibalism would be for Americans. They are not to be alarmed by the threatened loss of independence and liberties, for it is their deepest conviction that they have none to lose. In their view it is not resistance to communism that matters but the gaining of "real independence," and this latter phrase has no meaning except with reference to independence from France.

It is vain to try to refute this notion with horror stories. The Vietnamese know very well that the Communist countries live under a police dictatorship, but they do not believe it is worse than what they have suffered as a colonial people under the domination of France. They know very well that Ho Chi-minh has been associated with communism since 1920. What is important to them is that Ho Chi-minh demands absolute independence from France.

Vietnamese political convictions can eventually be reduced to a simple postulate: everything is either French or non-French. This belief is deeply ingrained in the personality structure not only of the "man in the street" but even of most public officials, high and low, although it would occur to no one to state it in



Bao Dai

military victory in Vietnam and that the political solution can only come from within the country. Any national government which in the eyes of the Vietnamese is not of their own making will be categorically rejected. Furthermore, if there is ever to be an independent Vietnam, able to defend itself and at the same time friendly to the West, its

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these explicit terms. Applied to actual situations, "French" is equivalent to "bad." The term is a handy cover for all the worst memories of the old colonial regime. "French" means oppression and high taxes, economic exploitation, and restricted opportunities. "Non-French" signifies freedom, prosperity, personal dignity, but above all real independence. By an easy transposition "non-French" comes to mean "anti-French." A whole array of entities and ideas is thus lumped together and lathered over with patriotic virtue, all other factors notwithstanding. By actively opposing French power, Ho Chi-minh surrounds himself with the aura of patriotism, and his association with communism is dismissed as of no great consequence.

AN anti-Vietminh regime will have a much improved chance of surviving if it appears to represent the nationalist aspirations of the people instead of seeming, as the present French-sponsored regime clearly does, to compromise them. Vietnamese history shows that there are scores to be settled with China as well as with France. For almost exactly a thousand years, from 111 B. C. until 939 A. D., the Vietnamese were a frontier colony of China. They were again overrun by Chinese armies in 1406 but threw off this second Chinese domination in 1428. Even so, they recognized Chinese suzerainty and paid tribute to the Chinese emperor until 1884. In 1945 the northern half of Indo-China was occupied by Chinese troops whose mission was to disarm the Japanese forces and prepare the way for a return of orderly government. The Vietnamese have not forgotten the disorders of this occupation.

Resistance to Chinese overlordship is a tradition with the Vietnamese; their literature abounds in tales of the heroes who opposed it. There was Lê Loi, who led the rebellion of the fifteenth century. At first repulsed, Lê Loi in despair cast his sword into the lake which is now in the center of Hanoi. A turtle rose from the waters and returned the sword to him, whereupon he rallied his forces and expelled the Chinese invaders.

If the Vietnamese could be persuaded of the real peril of falling once more under Chinese rule, the chances are good that they would unite against the danger. A convincing presentation of it

would have a high potential of public appeal derived from the nationalistic aspirations of the people and their ingrained resistance to Chinese domination. It would also induce a healthy rather than a morbid reaction to the issue of colonialism. An anti-Vietminh government would be seen to be in opposition to colonialism rather than supine before it or even in league with it. And except among his diehard supporters it would discredit the nationalist pretensions of Ho Chi-minh, who would take on the stigma of serving a potential colonial overlord, China. (The more ardent Vietminh supporters would undoubtedly argue that whatever the past may show, this time the Chinese are intervening because they have been invited to.) The Western nations would then appear in a new and favorable light—as aiding Vietnam's fight for independence, instead of opposing it. In addition there would be favorable repercussions in India, where the real independence of the three Indo-Chinese states is gloomily questioned.

The Bao Dai experiment has not succeeded, but not all the blame should be placed on Bao Dai and those who supported him. They were asked to undertake the impossible, for no French-sponsored government, presented on that basic alone, could have succeeded in Vietnam. The West should have acknowledged this fiasco long since and should certainly not commit the additional error of letting the deadlock continue. Nor should it assume that simply dumping Bao Dai will be an adequate solution.

The non-Communist powers are going to Geneva primarily to seek a military solution for Indo-China. They may come to feel that Indo-China is not worth fighting for. This will mean its prompt fall to Communist domination, in spite of any political compromise which may be reached with the Viet-

minh. If the Western powers are determined to save Indo-China for the free world, they must be prepared to fight if necessary, for even if Communist China abandons Ho Chi-minh, he will still be an undefeated military force. At the least there must be a period of international control; otherwise, any negotiated peace with Ho Chi-minh will merely be a surrender to him.

The West must also accept the politically inevitable: domination of Vietnam by Communist China cannot be indefinitely prevented without prolonged and even general war unless the Vietnamese themselves recognize the danger and oppose it. Their energies are now diverted to a blind opposition to all things "French," and they will not give us their unforced cooperation in our opposition to communism until they are satisfied they are gaining their independence.

Several provisional political arrangements have been suggested. There might be, for example, a coalition government including Vietminh and non-Vietminh elements, or a division of territory, perhaps at the Sixteenth Parallel, or a commitment to Vietnam that Western military forces will be withdrawn at some specified future date, when the Vietminh shall have been defeated. Such suggestions all have their attractive features and their serious risks. All leave the basic political dilemma unresolved.

Unless the West is prepared to abandon Indo-China its political task is twofold: to convince the Vietnamese that they are gaining "real independence" in cooperation with the West, and to encourage them to identify their own political and military interests with those of the West. Both these tasks demand immediate attention. The first requires that any arrangement between France and Vietnam in the matter of independence be completely acceptable to the Vietnamese people. The second requires that the Vietnamese morbid reaction to "French domination" be converted into a healthy opposition to the real and living danger—Chinese domination.

The turtle of Lê Loi will not appear again. This time the Vietnamese people must decide their fate without supernatural intervention. The West must realize this, too, and without further delay do what is necessary to assure that the decision is the right one.



DOLLARS VERSUS BLOOD

Which Way France? . . by Alexander Werth

Paris

BEFORE the Berlin conference one could often hear people say: "What's there to worry about? We'll muddle on like this for another fifty years—without war." I don't think anybody would say that now. Berlin seemed to throw everything sharply into focus. It was perhaps a fatal day when Georges Bidault told French pressmen off the record what Molotov had said to him, "Just imagine, he offered us his good offices in the settlement of the Indo-China war." Excitedly the pressmen asked, "And what did you reply, Monsieur le Président?" "Ha, ha," laughed Bidault, "you didn't think I was going to fall into *that* trap, did you?"

There has been a dramatic change in the French government's policy in regard to Indo-China. An important French business man remarked to me the other day, "After all, what are we losing in Indo-China now? Five thousand Frenchmen a year—plus some North Africans and Vietnamese and Foreign Legion guys. But look what we're getting—more dollars than any other country in the world! France is bursting with dollars. For a dollar bill in Paris today you get the official rate of 350 francs and not a franc more. You can explore all the black markets in the country, and you won't get another franc."

This explains a lot. But against it there is the hell of Dienbienphu, which has been built up as a kind of French Stalingrad or Corregidor, with the implication "What are your dollars compared with the French blood being shed there?" Colonel de Castries is becoming a legendary hero, but *without* being built up as a symbol of Franco-American solidarity. A curious and significant reaction was that of one of the demonstrators at the Etoile last Sunday who in abusing Pleven, most pro-American and

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Marshal Juin

most pro-E.D.C. of all the ministers, shouted, "You ought to be at Dienbienphu, you —."

I daresay they are not as rattled in France about the H-bomb as they are in England. One even wonders why? Thoughtlessness? Spring coming? Easter holidays? Or the feeling that it will never really come to that. "The Americans wouldn't be so crazy. The Russians have got an H-bomb, too." And some say, and many more think without saying it, "Thank God for the Russian H-bomb." And I believe that at the back of their minds many Frenchmen think that even if some day the Russians and Americans do drop their H-bombs, they are less likely to drop them on France than on each other—or perhaps on England. But it is beginning to worry them all the same.

On the subject of E.D.C. public opinion, as is so often the case, is at variance with government policy. Anti-E.D.C. meetings are crowded and vociferous; at pro-E.D.C. meetings the speakers are on the defensive and apologetic, and hardly anybody is there to listen to them. At best E.D.C. is represented as a grim

necessity or a lesser evil; it is never called a good thing in itself. Everybody has a feeling that with the Germans in it E.D.C. may become a very dangerous affair, certainly no major contribution to European security, and nobody believes that the Russians have any intention of spontaneously invading Western Europe. De Gaulle this week declared that Germany, not Russia, was the enemy.

Whether E.D.C. will be ratified is still in doubt. Its chances at the moment are diminishing. Juin dealt it a severe blow, speaking as he did for the French army. He said he had warned and warned the government against E. D. C. "in its present form"; the government says he was consulted about it, but he says he was not—not on all its features, anyway. A French officer writing anonymously in *l'Observateur* last week said that if before the Juin affair 50 per cent of French officers were "resolutely hostile" to E. D. C., 25 per cent "more or less favorable," and the rest undecided, today 75 per cent are dead against it. This is a factor with which any government must reckon.

At his recent press conference De Gaulle said France was risking nothing in rejecting E. D. C., because America needed France, and the Dulles threat to "isolate" France was meaningless. He fully approved of Juin's action. On Indo-China he said that whether the war was settled internationally "or otherwise" it should be settled soon, and any settlement should provide for the maintenance of "France's presence" in Indo-China. De Gaulle, like Juin and the whole French army, knows that the war could be ended quickly by a direct agreement with Vietminh but that Dulles won't have it. Is Juin, to whom various authoritarian designs have been attributed, a rival of De Gaulle's or an ally? My guess is an ally.

The Juin revolt has shaken not only the army but also a mass of conservative—and anti-republican—opinion which

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before long may be reflected in the vote of the "classic" and *pétainiste* right. In, their opposition to E. D. C. these groups are joined by the "old Radicals," the Herriots and Daladiers; a section of the Socialists led by Jules Moch, Daniel Mayer, and Edouard Depreux; and the Communists—a strange alliance, indeed. To them should be added practically the whole of France's intelligentsia, ranging from near-Communists, neutralists, and left-wing Christian Democrats like the *Esprit* group to the neo-Maurrasistes, with their anti-German and strong-state tradition as represented by the weekly *Aspects de la France*, the heir of the old *Action Française*.

Even if E. D. C. is ratified, as it may still be, through sheer financial pressure and other kinds of intimidation, the story will not be ended, for France can scarcely become a well-behaved member of E. D. C. with the greater part of the country against it. Among those favoring ratification there is a strong hope that many on the right will hesitate to vote "the same way as the Communists" and will see an advantage in making France increasingly subservient to "McCarthyite America," with a brand of McCarthyism making an official entry into French public life. It is in this con-

text that members of the non-Communist left have been saying, "If E. D. C. is ratified, we'll all be in jail a week later."

All is quiet on the surface in Paris, but warnings have been uttered that if E. D. C. is not defeated legally, it may be defeated "illegally." In connection with foreign policy the feeling against E. D. C. means, above all, resistance to the process that is making France an out-and-out satellite of the United States. But the issue is not absolutely clear. The dollars pull one way, and the H-bomb another way; Dienbienphu makes French nationalist and anti-American propaganda—dollars versus blood. At the same time American planes are needed to carry on the struggle in Indo-China.

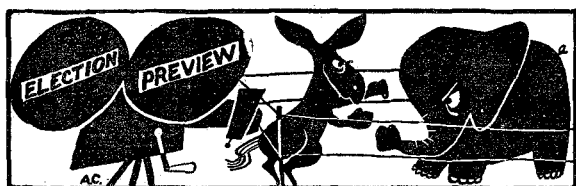
Seldom has the world situation been so full of complexities, and the way in which France will get out of this incredible tangle will be a test case of world importance. One thing is certain: if in the public estimation United States pressure increases the danger that France will lose all freedom of action and that H-bombs will be dropped on France, the death of the Fourth Republic may follow. For the first time in many years the army is making its weight felt in French politics.

line: he emphasized Korean atrocities, urged a ban on all trade with Communist countries, and defended McCarthy's actions, especially in his dispute with the army. Now Jones is shifting to greater emphasis on local issues. It would not be surprising to see him attack many of the interests behind Maine politicians—the Central Maine Power Company, the Gannett newspapers, the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, and various wealthy individuals. He would thus hope to appeal to a certain section of Maine liberals who have been alienated by Mrs. Smith. At the same time he is appealing to Maine isolationists by repeated references to "Americanism" in contexts which make his meaning quite clear.

The Republican State Convention voted overwhelmingly to shelve an anti-McCarthy resolution introduced by Harold Perham of West Point. A lot of anti-McCarthyites voted with the majority. The motivation was clear: the delegates feared a party split and wanted especially to avoid putting Jones in a position where he could cry persecution. Mrs. Smith had bucked the organization and won; so had Senator Frederick Payne, to a lesser degree. The organization had cause to fear a repeat.

Previous to his recent appearance at a Portland Knights of Columbus meeting, where he was introduced as a member, it was not generally known that Jones was a Catholic. His main strength would now seem to lie in Biddeford, his home town, and Lewiston, where he attended and worked for Bates College. Both are Democratic French Canadian strongholds. Some Democrats, however, sign as Republicans for the primaries and then vote Democratic at the polls. Registered Democrats had to indicate their party shift six months before the June 21 primary in order to vote Republican. Thus Jones would seem to have gathered no tremendous vote from his Biddeford-Lewiston following.

Mrs. Smith has the support of the C. I. O., the A. F. of L., and the Gannett newspapers, plus the scores of personal friends she has made all over the state. Most experts agree that Jones has not much chance against her. But what with television and the burning McCarthy issue, the race is likely to pick up interest as it goes along. M.F.



Keeping Up with Mr. Jones

Portland, Maine
EARLY this month Robert L. Jones, thirty-three-year-old opponent of Senator Margaret Chase Smith in Maine's Republican Senatorial primary, started what he called a poor man's campaign tour of the state. Traveling by trailer, he first visited Aroostook, which has been hard hit by low potato prices, and Washington, which for the last two years has suffered from the effects of a small sardine pack. But can it really be called a "poor man's" campaign? In March, before he started his state-wide tour, he spent \$1,047.33 electioneering. Senator Smith reported an expenditure of \$12.48 for the same month.

Where is Mr. Jones getting his money? He denies having received help from Senator McCarthy, whom he supports. Questioned about H. L. Hunt, Texas oil man, Jones replied, "Who's he?" The candidate admits to only one local source of funds—Charles C. Chase, Kennebunk blueberry grower. But reliable reports indicate several other Maine backers—Sheriff Everett S. Knight of York County, ex-Governor Small, and Lee C. Good, a former member of the Executive Council. Governor Small was one of three men defeated by Mrs. Smith in the 1948 primary.

The young candidate's pre-campaign speeches mostly followed the McCarthy

SPRING BOOK SECTION

From a Writer's Notebook . . . *Van Wyck Brooks*

THERE have been many attempts to define the dichotomy, as Philip Rahv calls it, between "energy" and "sensibility" in the United States, a contrast or division that he symbolizes in the terms "Redskins" and "Palefaces." But this distinction is literally only skin-deep. The older distinction between "Lowbrow" for "energy" and "Highbrow" for "sensibility" still seems to me to express it better, and better even yet, Theodore Roosevelt's distinction between the Red-bloods and the Mollycoddles. The party of energy—the Red-bloods, or the Redskins—includes Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg, and so on, while the party of sensibility—the Mollycoddles or Palefaces—includes Henry James, Henry Adams, and various others.

But when one bears down too heavily on metaphors they are apt to vanish into thin air, and one might say that the real distinction resembles the old Russian distinction between the Westernizers and the Slavophiles. For at least an element of these two types is that the Palefaces look toward Europe, just as the Westernizers did, while the Red-bloods, like the Slavophiles, are rooted defiantly at home. They are apt to be products of Western or continental experience, while the Palefaces are types of the Eastern seaboard. In general, one type is more important for substance, as the other is more important in style and form; and most people share a taste for both the types in question and are equally bored when they run too far to extremes.

I would say that the actual parallel which ours resembles most is that be-

tween the *esprit gaulois* and the *esprit précieux* in France, the two lines that run through all French literature as they run also through our own. Rabelais, Balzac, and Dumas, for instance, represent the *esprit gaulois*, just as Mark Twain and Whitman represent it with us, the line of broad humor or native frankness that tends to be careless of literary form and is apt, with us, to run off into what we call hokum. Writers of this type are always aesthetically impure and deficient in literary manners, finesse, and taste, but as a rule they excel in human generosity, together with a certain grandeur of imagination. Everyone feels that they cannot be judged by literary standards merely, for they transcend the artistic criteria, adapted to the *esprit précieux*, which are adequate for measuring the nature of this. Meanwhile, as the broad type is apt to run into hokum, the other constantly tends to the opposite abuses. With its distaste for plain speech and plain people, with its devotion to delicacy of phrasing and expression, it is dogged by the pedantries of purism and coldness of heart.

With us these two great types are scarcely on literary speaking terms, while everyone feels that the major thing is the central thing we lack, the unknown middle element that would reconcile the two. In France the *esprit gaulois* and the *esprit précieux* were reconciled by Molière, as everybody knows, the seventeenth-century playwright who made whole again what history, so to speak, had rent asunder. This great lover of true simplicity, this great hater of the insincere was on the side of the *esprit gaulois* mainly, but he had the virtues and sympathies of the *précieux* also. Is it not another Molière that we need here?

★

The old Southern romancer James Lane Allen lamented in one of his essays that we had no "gentleman" characters in American fiction, or at least that there were no Roger de Coverleys or

Colonel Newcomes among our generally known fictional types. He said that "Uncle Tom" and "Uncle Remus," Negroes both, were the only figures in our fiction that were known throughout the world, though he should have added Natty Bumppo and, a generation later, he would have been obliged to add Huckleberry Finn. But these would not have altered the generalization.

It is certainly true that the gentleman has figured rarely in American fiction, especially fiction on the highest imaginative level, and I would say that the only conceivable reason for this is that the American "unconscious" has been otherwise engaged. On the conscious level Fenimore Cooper was aristocratic in his sympathies and tastes, and many of his characters were people of the educated classes; but who remembers any of them beside the sailors, Indians, and scouts who sprang out of what we call the writer's "genius"? These were all men of the humbler sort, like Melville's "kingly commons," like the farmers, mechanics, and ferrymen whom Whitman admired, like Mark Twain's pilots and river folk, like Audubon's foresters and pioneers, Bret Harte's stage-drivers, and the fishermen of Winslow Homer. The American genius, to call it so, seems to possess a strong bent for admiring simple men and seeing in them what Emerson called "gods in low disguises," for seeing the potential, in short, in the natural germ, and it strikes me that if anything indicates the profound uniqueness of American life it is this obvious tendency of the American unconscious. Is not this still marked in the plays of Eugene O'Neill? How trite and flavorless is the speech of his upper-class characters, and how alive and poetic his language becomes when he falls into the argot of the slums and of common sailors.

Does not this prove the reality of the "collective unconscious," in terms of nationality, at least? Another aspect of our literature illustrates this also—its

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April 24, 1954

apparent indifference or hostility to the "big" business man. Allan Nevins recently remarked that Andrew Carnegie and Rockefeller were larger men than American writers have thought, and another writer says that the American business man has been misrepresented in our fiction. Of course there are countless good business men, as there are countless gentlemen, in the America we know, but here again the oracles are dumb, the unconscious fails to respond to the stimulus in question. It was still possible in 1880 for Howells to convey in "Silas Lapham" the feeling of business as "the romance, the poetry of our time," but only in Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth" and Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat" have later novelists admiringly pictured big business men. Theodore Dreiser's "Cowperwood" pre-

sented the feeling that is general with writers about this conspicuous familiar American type—that he can survive very well without help from them, for all the big battalions are on the side of business now, as they were in the days of Mark Hanna. When, with its advertising interests, it controls the radio and the press, imposing conformity of opinion, opposing free speech, how can one expect the unconscious of writers to produce lively images of the business man as hero?

Every writer who has lived long and passed through several phases acquires a public that is attached to each one of these phases; and each of these publics thinks that he ought to remain in the phase that it finds sympathetic. Once a "literary radical," always a literary

radical; once an authority on this or that, he should never be anything else. Every one of these publics is determined that he shall not grow an inch beyond the phase in which it liked him, and no matter how self-consistent he is or how natural his growth has been, there will always be some public that regards him as a traitor.

★

Originally, "sweetness and light" was a phrase of the author of "Gulliver's Travels." These qualities were the "two noblest of things," said Swift, who was anything but a fat man; but would anyone dare call them now? They have become a word and a hissing, as if bitterness and darkness were better than sweetness and light; and beside the granitic self-protective disillusionment of our time these words are as ineffectual as spray against a sea-wall. They are almost as obsolete as old-fashioned phrases like "a sound-hearted sailor" and "a free-hearted soldier," phrases that stand for syntheses and seem to belong to a foreign tongue in our day of analysis and the analytic mind.

And, indeed, how can people be expected to admire these traits when they feel that to go "soft" is to open themselves to destruction? But although we cannot share them, must we not admit that they are superior attributes of the healthy and the strong? Surely, to be able to take a zestful view of life is the end-product of all psychotherapy, and can it be denied that in any scale of values "sweetness and light" are precisely what Swift called them? Taken together, they constitute almost the perfect phrase for any truly desirable historical epoch, just as the phrase "a Christian gentleman," everywhere nowadays used in contempt, is almost the perfect phrase for a desirable person. When, at the outset of a modern story, one sees the phrase "a Christian gentleman," one knows what to expect before the story closes—the kind of scoundrel who has all the attributes that are commonly associated at present with "sweetness and light."

This phrase flourished in the days when the Sistine Madonna and Murillo's Immaculate Conception were the world's favorite pictures. It was spoiled already in my childhood, and I do not expect to see it flourish again in a day when Picasso and Breughel reign over minds.

A Time of Light, a Time of Shadow

School was out. The boys were quelling Mars with death-ray gun,

The girls were going to heaven via hopscotch,
One little toddler and one dog presumed to join the fun,
And in a scientific mood I paused to watch.

The sunlight fell about them in a cataract:
If there was shadow, then the very shadow shone;
If there was substance, that substance did not reflect
The light, but let it pass through flesh and bone.

Not yet cemented by one central will,
Each childish body simply flew apart;
Legs and arms cascaded in a random spill,
And shadows had to find their way by fit and start.

It was a time of light. Disembodied ripple,
Incorporeal speed and movement thrilled the air;
A fabric without density, a purest dapple
Would leap away and leave its shadow there.

Detached, disjoined, having lost their accustomed tether,
Those shadows twitched and fluttered in bewilderment:
They needed something, if no more than a feather,
Yet had no notion where that something went.

And watching those spirits, like luminous buttercups,
Fly by and throw no darkness as they passed,
I too presumed, and tried three small self-conscious hops;
But my shadow dragged along, mine I could not cast.

And then I saw how shadow bides its time,
How the brightest transparencies will turn opaque,
Sheer speed and animation will go lame,
And heavy shadow pile up flake by flake.

SAMUEL YELLEN

sonal revelation written in language and symbols that are also, to a great extent, personal. Like all powerful poets, Thomas is not content to accept the word-habits of conventional speech, but acts as a creator of language, increasing the resources of English, at least for the occasion in hand. The firm construction of images and phrases like "This bread I break was once the oat," "Daft with the drug / 's smoking in a girl," and "D / 've no dominion," makes them and mature in their application. Crewd and engaging old proverbs seem to have been smoothed hape in the traffic of a living lang / 'nd quarried from some unknc / ine of wonderfully spoken Engli / his crystal-like verbal perfection is / ed under the pressure of intense my / d emotion, the feelings of a devout m / n who believes that he is in touch with the absolute. Thus, Thomas's poetry offers the spectacle of craft successfully answering the demands of emotions of almost incommunicable power.

Mr. Olson in his study indicates the difficulties which this sort of poetry poses. He describes the techniques and subject matter of Thomas's work, making clear the awesome dimensions of his art and its peculiarities of symbol and metaphor. Recognizing that the poems are anchored in a private view of reality, he explores the attitudes and insights they express. After quoting some of Thomas's most impressive passages he says: "These are tokens of a mighty, an appalling imagination that sweeps us up with it, like an angel, and forces us to endure the visions of another world, thronged with enchantments and horrors. This is a great natural force, we cannot be unmoved by it."

Although he objects to the unnecessary obscurity of Thomas's verse, Mr. Olson also provides obscurity with an interesting defense, pointing out that it can be used to enforce close attention, and to prepare the reader for an important revelation by subjecting him to a period of suspense which heightens his sensitivity.

The main part of Mr. Olson's book is an exegesis of the "sonnets" which are the most difficult of all Thomas's poems. Mr. Olson finds that they are a reading of man's spiritual progress and regener-

ation in the movements of the constellations, based on an underlying stratum of recondite astrological lore, both pagan and Christian. This ingenious perception is supported by an extremely complicated analysis which matches the poems almost line by line with their

astrological counterpart, but it is not, as Mr. Olson himself is quick to admit, without its difficulties. It raises almost as many questions as it answers, but Mr. Olson leaves little doubt that he has discovered the key to an understanding of these poems.

The Two Flauberts

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF FLAUBERT. Translated and Edited by Francis Steegmuller (The Great Letters Series). Farrar, Straus and Young. \$4.

BOUVARD AND PECUCHET. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier. Introduction by Lionel Trilling. New Directions. \$3.75.

THE DICTIONARY OF ACCEPTED IDEAS. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by Jacques Barzun. New Directions. \$2.

By Leon Edel

THERE are in me, literally speaking, two distinct persons," wrote Gustave Flaubert one day to his poesy-loving blue-stocking mistress, Louise Colet, and he went on to explain that one side of him was "infatuated with bombast, lyricism, eagle flights, sonorities of phrase, and the high points of ideas"; the other side was the Flaubert "who digs and burrows into truth as deeply as he can, who likes to treat a humble fact as respectfully as a big one, who would like to make you feel almost *physically* the things he reproduces."

The first Flaubert was the writer of the letters, the Flaubert of the eagle flights and the sonorities, who gave himself spontaneously to his friends in his correspondence. The other was the compulsive Flaubert, who wanted to make language tactile, the consummate artist and interminable polisher of phrases. His need for "fact" was so great that he swallowed whole libraries to write a single book. Out of his prodigious reading he drew "Salammbô"; out of some twelve hundred volumes, many of them recondite and indigestible, he fashioned "Bouvard and Pécuchet." But most of all

he drew much of his writing, as a discerning critic of his time said, out of his rage, "the hate that sustains him most"—a hatred of middle-class inertness, the conformity of the bourgeoisie. As an artist, *there* lay his implacable enemy.

The Flaubert of the letters is eloquent and vivid, alive with impulse and truth. The Flaubert of "Bouvard and Pécuchet" is as compulsive as his two characters who think they can absorb all learning by trying to consume it, like their dinner. And the Flaubert of the tirade and the blast, who insisted on his right to *guenler*—to bellow, to "thunder against" the stupidities of his time—is to be found in the "Dictionary of Accepted Ideas" ("Dictionnaire des Idées Reçues"). Indeed, in all three of these books, which arrive so belatedly in the English-speaking world, Flaubert's voice thunders often over "the high points of ideas." He thunders against ignorance in high places, the mediocrity of those elected to office, the placidity and blankness—and deadness—of the bourgeoisie and those forces in French republicanism which we would today consider to be totalitarian. To Flaubert, the symbol of conformity was the cliché definition, the parroted "accepted idea."

The letters—to George Sand, to Turgenev, to Maupassant, to his Rouen intimates—overflow with the easy confidences of a great writer relaxing from his labors. They are among the finest literary letters in the whole of epistolary literature, and Francis Steegmuller, Flaubert's biographer, has edited them with discretion after translating them with authority. The relevant information is unobtrusively given, the minimum of commentary added; the voice of Flaubert speaks to us freely with all its sonorities.

Merely to write verse or a novel, merely to carve marble is not enough! It was acceptable previously before the poet had a

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"social mission." Now every piece of writing must have its moral significance, must teach a lesson, elementary or advanced; a sonnet must rap the knuckles of royalty and a water color contribute to moral progress. Everywhere there is pettifoggery, the craze for spouting and orating; the muse becomes the mere pedestal for a thousand unholy desires. Poor Olympus!

The "Dictionary of Accepted Ideas" was compiled by Flaubert as a series of notes set down over many years. It was to have been incorporated into "Bouvard and Pécuchet," but Flaubert died before completing his task. In translating the "dictionary" Jacques Barzun has been highly imaginative and resourceful. His task was, in reality, to find English equivalents for the spoken and printed nonsense of Flaubert's time. How far the equivalent imparts a twentieth-century flavor to nineteenth-century material it is difficult to say. But he has caught the spirit of this "dictionary," and many of its definitions are highly relevant.

GENERAL. Always "brave." Generally doing something other than his job, such as being an ambassador, alderman, or head of the state.

WITNESS: Always refuse to be a witness. You never know where you'll end up.

The "dictionary" is a companion volume to "Bouvard and Pécuchet," which after more than half a century we can now read in English. It has always been a puzzling work—a kind of "Finnegans Wake" in the Flaubertian canon. Lionel Trilling has many valuable and illuminating things to tell us about it in his preface. He sees the unfinished novel as imbued with the spirit of Rabelais and the pessimism of Swift, while possessing the unity of Cervantes. And he perceptively places it in a tradition to which it never quite measures up. Both Bouvard and his friend Pécuchet, for all their extravagances and strangenesses, and mediocrity, are as much of our time as of Flaubert's; their inanities are the inanities of the world of Kafka. Today they would be reading all the "how" books as they fall in their abundance from our presses.

It is a queer work, alike funny and tedious, a monstrous and magnificently overblown joke, a compendium of mental folly—and by the same token a monument of despair.

Future of the Human Family

THE CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE. By Harrison Brown. The Viking Press. \$3.75.

By Kirtley F. Mather

ONE of the most heartening developments in recent years, tending to lighten the gloom of widespread forebodings about man's future, is the increasing number of physical and biological scientists who display a realistic social conscience. Certainly it is not now the rule for the experts in research to confine themselves to their white-tiled laboratories by the side of the road, with scarcely a thought for the ultimate consequences to mankind of the results of their work. Scientific habits of mind characteristically stimulate a deep concern for those aspects of human life that hitherto have been almost solely in the precincts of the philosopher and theologian. When a professor of geochemistry writes such a book as "The Challenge of Man's Future," the pessimist can no longer be plunged quite so completely into despair, and the optimist is given a welcome shot in the arm.

It is not that Harrison Brown solves all the complex problems of a world in which populations are rapidly increasing and resources are limited, or gives neat answers to the perplexing questions that every thoughtful man can easily ask. Rather, he assembles in his incisive and analytical pages the data that indicate the true nature of those problems and puts the responsibility for getting the right answers precisely where it belongs. In no other book have I found such a well-rounded and all-inclusive survey of the relation between man and his environment in the context of a science that has literally revolutionized that relationship. Both the potentialities and the dangers of increasing industrialization, more efficient agriculture, and better physical and mental health are set forth in measured terms.

There is both a long view into a future thousands of years distant and a shorter view that encompasses the next

fifty or a hundred years. It is my personal opinion that the latter is the much more valuable of the two. None of us can even speculate intelligently about the way the inhabitants of the earth will solve their problems five hundred years from now, when all the available fossil fuels—coal, oil, natural gas, and oil shale—have been burned up and all the readily accessible metalliferous ores have been exhausted; or a thousand years hence, when all the concentrated deposits of uranium and thorium have been spent for their atomic energy. There is at least a chance that some of those people of the distant future will be the descendants of the twentieth-century men who learned how to take the nitrogen out of the air and transform it into food for plants, who discovered the way to utilize nuclear energy by means of chain reactions, who devised processes whereby the magnesium dissolved in sea water in practically limitless quantities can be fabricated into metallic structures. Many of the most important scientific and technological achievements of the last fifty years could not even be imagined by our ancestors in the latter half of the eighteenth century. No more can we imagine what may be accomplished by our descendants in the twenty-second century. Quite possibly the earthlings then will not be earth-bound as we are today.

Be that as it may, all will agree that for us the next fifty years are the hardest. If we take adequate thought for them, we may be excused for not taking serious thought for the more distant morrows. Although Dr. Brown does not date "the distant future" in which he sees "the possibility of the emergence of any of the three possible patterns of life," I am sure he has in mind the next few decades as the time during which the decision concerning them will most likely be irrevocably made.

The first of the three is a "reversion to agrarian existence," with all that that means to our industrialized civilization and the American standard of living. "This is the pattern which will almost certainly emerge unless man is able to abolish war, unless he is able to make the transition involving the utilization of new energy sources, and unless he is

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able to stabilize populations." That is to say, unless mankind learns how to live within the annual income of renewable and practically unlimited resources, instead of living on the earth's dwindling capital of non-renewable resources.

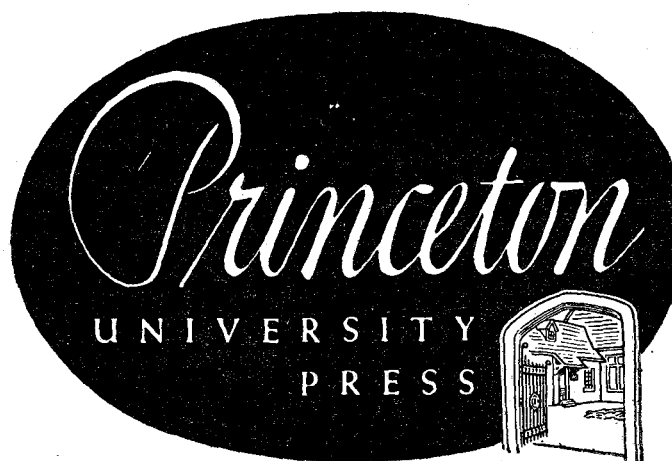
The second pattern is that of "the completely controlled, collectivized industrial society." In spite of the great difficulties, and Dr. Brown cites most of them, "there is a possibility that stabilization can be achieved, that war can be avoided, and that the resource transition can be successfully negotiated."

Dr. Brown holds out only a little hope for the third possible pattern, although this is the one that most of us would undoubtedly prefer. It is "that of the world-wide free industrial society in which human beings can live in reasonable harmony with their environment." Although it is difficult to achieve and maintain, "man has it within his power to create such a society and to devise ways and means of perpetuating it. . . ."

"Although the emergence of industrial society required no concerted, planned effort," that cultural pattern can be perpetuated and stabilized in a free society only by conscious, purposeful, highly intelligent planning, motivated by a powerful dynamic of good-will. To what Dr. Brown has written I would like to add the thought that planning for freedom in an age of planning is perhaps the heaviest responsibility of the citizens of America in these years of our lives. Current trends, in and out of government, are at the moment far from encouraging. The wisdom in this book should, however, be a strong reinforcement for "do-gooders," "bleeding hearts," and "eggheads."

Finally, it should be noted that Dr. Brown ignores completely any suggestion that the future of man's world might be developed on the basis of "white supremacy" or "America first," unless perchance that thought might have lurked in the background of his second possible pattern. Instead, he implicitly and wisely accepts the inescapable facts of human interdependence. He makes his surveys on a world basis. It is the future of the human family rather than that of any one nation about which he is concerned. If the road to survival is to be successfully traversed, it will be by all nations and peoples side by side, not by one alone.

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Cracker-Barrel History

THE OLD COUNTRY STORE. By Gerald Carson. Oxford University Press. \$5.

By B. A. Botkin

WITH this book the Old Country Storekeeper, now largely a museum piece, takes his place in the gallery of American social and regional types and stereotypes. More familiar to us, because a part of American humor, the related figures of the Yankee peddler—who frequently turned storekeeper—and the drummer also appear here. And if the latter belongs to what Mr. Carson calls “*sub rosa* folklore,” the Old Country Storekeeper belongs to hidden history, buried in the old daybooks, ledgers, and journals from which Mr. Carson has exhumed him with lively verisimilitude and humor. The result is a new kind of social history—“evocative,” nostalgic. It evokes not only a picture but a mood and an atmosphere, not only a type but a period, and not only with documentation but with sympathy and a little homesickness for vanishing types and passing institutions.

It is also folk or “cracker-barrel” history, which draws upon folkways and family and local tradition and such “folksy” sub-literary sources as almanacs, newspapers, trade journals, trade cards, catalogues, advertisements, signs, contemporary prints, and local history. As a retired copywriter, Mr. Carson has a nose for the ephemera of business history; and as a “promoter of automobiles, packaged soaps, and breakfast foods” (according to the blurb) he has had a stake—a *grubstake*—in the making as well as the writing of American merchandising, where the storekeeper, the hawker, and the huckster are brothers under the skin.

Mr. Carson has also hung around country stores, of which thousands still survive, and around country-store museums, which are beginning to spring up as part of the folk-arts-and-crafts movement. He has talked to old-timers and private collectors of country-store

Americana and read nearly everything he could lay hands on. As a result he is a kind of walking country store, and the book is a kind of country-store museum conveying the smell and the feel of the place, the time, and the man.

Above all, taking his cue from the village store as the center of sociability and story-swapping, he has written a homely chronicle full to bursting with anecdote and folk-say. Two chapters, *Sittin’ Round the Old Store Stove*, with its tall tales and weather wisdom, and *One for a Man, Two for a Horse*, with its patent and folk medicine, are pure folklore. The strength of the book, however, lies in the way in which Mr. Carson balances folklore with history, comparing folk with historical data and versions.

He leaves no phase of his subject untouched: barter trading, buying and selling methods, the contest of wits between merchant and customer, the storekeeper’s physical hardships and trials, his

cracker-barrel hospitality, his credit risks and collection letters, his detection and punishment of petty thieves, squelches and repartee, tricks, keeping books, penmanship, cash registers, his role in the community and the militia and as hero of local jest and story, buying trips to New York and encounters with the “drummers of Pearl Street,” stock stories of weighing and adulterating goods, store arrangement and fixtures, trademarks and brands, and the changes introduced by mass production and new inventions.

If anything, the book—spanning the years 1791-1921 and ranging over the Northeast and North Central states, with special emphasis on New York—covers a little too much ground. But Mr. Carson is one of those travelers in time who like to get off the highway on to the back roads, even at the risk of getting bogged down. The two closing chapters would seem to be preliminary to a “folk” history of modern merchandising, which Mr. Carson ought to and will probably write.

Our Early Statesmen

THE FOUNDING FATHERS. By Nathan Schachner. G. P. Putman’s Sons. \$6.

By Keith Hutchison

WASHINGTON was inaugurated as President on April 30, 1789. He had been reluctant to accept office, and could he have foreseen the future he would have been still more hesitant, for the first twelve years of the United States—Washington’s Presidency and that of John Adams—was politically as turbulent a period as any in the nation’s history. Unrestrained partisanship spread outward from the President’s Cabinet, where Hamilton and Jefferson fought for ascendancy with few holds barred. Moreover, not content with their own quarrels, Americans plunged with enthusiasm into those of Europe. Jeffersonian Republicans made the cause of the French Revolution their own, while

Hamiltonian Federalists, always fearful of “the mob,” grew increasingly anti-French and pro-British. No wonder Washington in his Farewell Address warned his fellow-countrymen to refrain from “permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations” and “passionate attachments to others.”

The history of these years, superbly retold by Mr. Schachner, who combines meticulous scholarship with the art of lively narrative, presents some amazing parallels with the present era. For instance, the author’s careful documentation of the dealings of various notables with foreign agents makes it clear that the blabbing of state secrets is an old American custom. Jefferson, on whom the French relied for inside information, and Hamilton, who periodically passed on material to the British, were only the most illustrious of a host of offenders. In one flagrant case Hamilton told the British minister that the Administration had decided not to join an “armed neutrality” proposed by the Baltic powers and so deprived John Jay of a possible trump card in his negotiations in

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London. But if many in high office were "security risks," only a few—for example, General James Wilkinson, long a paid tool of Spain—were either corrupt or treasonable: their indiscretions sprang from considerations of domestic politics, which at the time were inextricably entangled with foreign affairs.

Another contemporary note is struck in Mr. Schachner's discussion of the Alien and Sedition Acts—the outcome of morbid Federalist fears of French revolutionary contagion exacerbated by French claims that they could count on the support of a solid pro-French party in the United States. In the prosecution of cases under the Sedition Act, he writes, "all legal safeguards laboriously erected by the common law and the Constitution were disregarded by the Federalist judges; and packed juries, under their threats and brutal charges, almost invariably brought in verdicts of guilty."

Mr. Schachner quotes Madison as observing: "Perhaps it is a universal truth that the loss of liberty at home is to be charged to provisions against danger, real or pretended, from abroad." Indeed, these were dangerous times for the infant republic. Both England and France sought to involve the United States in their conflict, harassed neutral merchants with their blockades and counter-blockades, and ignored the stream of American protests. Outright hostilities with Britain were, in fact, narrowly avoided, and at one time the United States was actually engaged in an undeclared naval war with France.

In 1790, foreseeing the probability of conflict between England and France, Jefferson wrote a friend: "In that case, I hope the new world will fatten on the follies of the old. If we can but establish the principles of armed neutrality for ourselves, we must become the carriers for all parties as far as we can raise vessels." When the expected war came, neutrality paid off handsomely despite the loss of hundreds of ships and cargoes to British and French frigates and privateers. A huge foreign demand for American goods swelled the profits of the carrying trade; scarcity of imported manufactures encouraged the growth of industry. While the great powers wasted their substance in battle, the United States flourished.

Moreover, not all the bitterness of domestic political strife in these years prevented the republic from putting down deep and hardy roots. That, as Mr. Schachner says in his foreword, was "something of a miracle." He ascribes it in part to "a happy conjunction of men of talents and genius on a scale perhaps unexampled in the history of the world. Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Monroe, Gallatin, Fisher Ames, John Jay—the list can be endlessly extended. From their internecine struggles, from their clashing philosophies, came a middle course that steered safely between the extremes of right and left. To them, rather than to the earlier group—of which indeed many of them were members—the appellation of the Founding Fathers may properly be given."

She Didn't Like "Chawing"

THE INDOMITABLE MRS. TROLLOPE. By Eileen Bigland. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

FROM the first sentence of this book we learn that in late October of the year 1808 a young lady sat at a writing desk "alternately gazing out of the window and nibbling the tip of her quill pen." This is certainly fair and early

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, author and critic, has recently brought out a new book, "The Measure of Man."

warning that what the reader is in for is not the biography promised on the jacket but a work of fiction composed according to the convention of the omniscient spectator. That method is consistently followed, so that what we get is approximately one third fact, one third obvious invention, and one third matter which may or may not be based upon some documentary evidence. For good and solid reasons I think this method an abomination, but having said that, it is only fair to add that "The Indomitable Mrs. Trollope" reads easily and is, without being anywhere very searching, an entertain-

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ing account of a courageous but irresponsible flibbertigibbet who blundered into writing a sensational best-seller.

Daughter of an impractical clergyman and married to a highly unsuccessful lawyer, Mrs. Trollope soon found herself responsible for a numerous and expensive family. What she really wanted to do was to preside over a salon full of "interesting people," but she took time out to launch a series of hair-brained schemes for achieving solvency. She began by leasing two farms to be managed by the incompetent husband, who then promptly retired to his study to compile an Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia. When she was already past forty she fell under the spell of an eloquent female Owenite and set out with some of the children to join a colony near Memphis, Tennessee, which proposed to educate whites and Negroes together as a lesson in equality. Finding there only a dismal huddle of shacks, she soon shook its mud from her feet and proceeded to Cincinnati, where after a series of unpleasant encounters with pigs and people she sank what remained of the family money in an Athenaeum-Bazaar where the barbarous Cincinnatians were to be exposed to culture after the promise of desirable merchandise for sale had lured them in.

When both the English and the American establishment collapsed completely and simultaneously, she had her great idea. She had never written anything for publication, but why not a book on "The Domestic Manners of the Americans"? She had seen too much of them. Making a hasty circuit of some Eastern cities, chiefly in order to be able to say that she had been there, she dashed off a book full of exuberant descriptions of pigs in the street, spitting in the dining-room, and invincible ignorance.

From one point of view almost everything was wrong with the book. Mrs. Trollope was a thoroughly incompetent observer who saw everything in terms of the irritation or the pleasure of the moment, and as her famous son Anthony was to say many years later, "her politics were always an affair of the heart, as indeed were all of her convictions." She also managed to convey the impression that the manners of a frontier town were approximately the same as those of the Eastern seaboard, and she thus paved the way for the long-enduring

European conviction that redskins were scalping pedestrians on Fifth Avenue well down into the nineteenth century.

In other respects the book was exactly right. Mrs. Trollope was sometimes witty and always vivacious. She was curiously shrewd as well as curiously gullible, and she laid the colors on thick. In England Tories bought the book to confirm their opinion that "leveling" didn't work; Liberals to denounce it as a libel on the promise and the achievement of democracy. In America everybody bought it for the same reasons—whatever they may be—which still lead Americans to buy any reasonably readable book which ridicules them vigorously. The other thing that was right was simply this: Cincinnati was probably almost as bad as she described it. She would have exaggerated if exaggeration had been possible, but it probably wasn't. Sometimes one suspects her of inventing; sometimes she sounds as though her leg had been pulled by citizens who realized that they could never make her believe them civilized and so might as well play the role of really extraordinary barbarians. But too many other visitors to frontier America—some before and some after her time—have reported much the same situation to make it possible to dismiss all the testimony.

Given her vivacity, she might under happier circumstances have produced a real classic of humor—something, say, like Mark Twain, who saw much the same world a generation later, or like the too little known chapter about the Pike County pig herders in Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierras." But because she was unhappy, desperate, and in the angry mood of a romanticist faced with grim reality, she wrote only a best-seller which pulled the family out of the pit and assured the moderate success of the novels and travel books she wrote later. Of course she never realized that at least half the joke was on her. When she excoriated the inhabitants of Cincinnati for their failure to support a phrenological institute she was not on very secure ground, but when she became one of the first to describe the American addiction to spitting copiously, incessantly, and inaccurately she probably knew what she was talking about. Who knows how much international understanding would have been facilitated if the citizens of our young republic had not been so enthusiastically addicted to "chawing"?

Fortunately the manners of Americans have changed a good deal since Mrs. Trollope's time. Unfortunately those of English visitors have not always changed as much.

French and British Architecture

ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN FRANCE, 1500-1700. By Anthony Blunt. *ARCHITECTURE IN BRITAIN, 1530-1830.* By John Summerson. The Pelican History of Art. Penguin Books. \$8.50 each.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THE two books make a good pair. They form the third and fourth volumes of the Pelican History of Art, edited by Nikolaus Pevsner, which is planned in forty-eight volumes. Both exemplify art history in its best sense.

Blunt's book fills a prominent gap in English-language histories of art. Much has been discovered in the past twenty years about French art and architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and for the first time these efforts have been adequately brought together. The French surveys

have tended to be over-localized, while the German ones have considered abstract currents of style somewhat apart from the artistic value of actual examples. Blunt has successfully analyzed French developments in the light of the Italian Renaissance and of Roman baroque influences. He also brings to bear his very considerable knowledge of French and Italian theories of art as they evolved during the two hundred years in question. He is not afraid of making judgments. For example, he demonstrates that the Château of Vaux-le-Vicomte betrays effects of the pressure under which Le Vau worked for Fouquet, and that on the other hand Le Vau took full advantage of the greater opportunity offered at Versailles. His original garden front, destroyed when J. H. Mansart built the Gallery of Mirrors, was greatly superior to the

present arrangement. There are excellent pages on Bernini's much-heralded visit to Paris, which came to almost nothing. Despite many claims to the contrary, Blunt shows that the only work which Bernini executed in Paris was the bust of Louis XIV. It is not generally realized that his rejected designs for the Louvre called for a virtual destruction of the beautiful façades of Lescot and Lemercier in the Square Court, which remain today as the masterpieces of French Renaissance architecture.

As befits a work published in England, the coverage of British architecture is somewhat fuller than that of contemporary work in France. Thus Summer-son's volume treats architecture alone, while Blunt's includes the main develop-ments in painting and sculpture. Here

again there was a need for a new book incorporating the recent work of schol-ars. The chapter on James Gibbs may be cited as a model for a brief estimate of the career of a single architect. Two ap-pendices make a welcome addition: Architecture in Scotland, 1530-1707, and English Architecture in America. Summerson's bald statement, however, that "up to the Revolution it is not pos-sible to discern any autonomous vitality in American architecture" will be chal-lenged by American students of this problem, despite the very considerable dependence of American designers on English standards.

Both volumes contain nearly two hun-dred pages of plates that are excellent in quality, and substantial bibliogra-phies.

New Novels: But Not Very

JORDAN COUNTY. By Shelby Foote. The Dial Press. \$3.50.

THE COBWEB. By William Gibson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.95.

RACE ROCK. By Peter Matthiessen. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

A PRIDE OF LIONS. By John Brooks. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

DAWN ON OUR DARKNESS. By Emmanuel Roblès. Translated from the French by Therese Pol. Julian Messner. \$3.75.

SHE CAME TO STAY. By Simone de Beauvoir. The World Publishing Company. \$5.

PERDU. By Paride Rombi. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75.

By Maxwell Geismar

THE American novels on this list come off badly; and to the question what is wrong with our fiction today I am inclined to ask, what is right? We have an abundance of talent, a constant supply of efficient commercial novels, but a lack of real achievement. In a dramatic and vio-lent period of history our novelists seem to lack courage, conviction, and simple curiosity. The older generation of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Dos Passos is washed up, or embalmed. The sages

MAXWELL GEISMAR, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "Rebels and Ancestors. The American Novel, 1890-1915."

of the "new criticism" and of the *Partisan Review* orbit are retiring to the universities, where at least, like the medieval monks whom they now re-semble, they may leave the ground free for a secular revolt in the arts.

But where are the signs of such a movement? If one takes the present group of new novels as typical, the pros-pect is discouraging. Shelby Foote's "Jordan County" is one of this writer's better books, and I like it. It has the advantage of its milieu—the Mississippi Delta country—good prose, and dramatic structure. Mr. Foote has one more asset: he does not write like Faulkner or Tru-man Capote. In a series of connected short stories he describes the Southern scene more effectively than he did in some of his earlier novels, but while he avoids most of the pitfalls of the con-temporary novel, he hardly adds any-thing new. William Gibson's "The Cob-web" has the benefit of solid material—it is the story of a "progressive sani-tarium" for the mentally ill, where per-haps people can now be happier, or at least more human, than in the world around us. But the novel is compulsive about detail, the characters are obvious; it is really an average novel which the publishers pretend to be outstanding.

Peter Matthiessen's "Race Rock" has already been discussed in these columns; I would simply like to add that, like many other typical new novels, it has

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THROUGH THE NATION

been a critical success because it is well written, sensitive, and non-controversial. There is nothing either to approve or to disapprove of in it—and whatever became of "Augie March"? John Brooks's "A Pride of Lions" has the same standard pattern of our new fiction that is used by Mr. Matthiessen. A young hero, transplanted to the arid soil of New York, is called back by some inner urge to his home town. There, in the retrospective sequence that J. P. Marquand has perfected, the hero retraces his life, resolves his conflicts, becomes a man, and marries the girl he has almost lost. Mr. Matthiessen uses melodrama; Mr. Brooks uses old-fashioned morality—but as Marquand himself never really breaks through the conventions that control his art, neither do these young writers.

In European fiction the heroes are old at adolescence; in the United States they are adolescent at maturity. Emmanuel Roblès is a North African writer who has been hailed, along with Albert Camus, as a spearhead among the French moderns. I'm not sure he is. "Dawn on Our Darkness" is almost as standardized in its own genre as the native novels above. Yet the hero is a doctor who concerns himself with the suffering of a squalid mining village in Sardinia. He is aware of the social, economic, and political framework of his own time—something that has completely gone out of the American novel under the double threat of treason and poor taste. If the craft in this French novel is slick and the tone journalistic, at least it is based on genuine experience in the world that exists today.

As a nation, our major political effort has lately been to deny and falsify the outside world. Our main literary trends in the last decade have been attempts to withdraw from social reality in an equally paranoid way. Simone de Beauvoir's recent American diary showed the difference between typical French intellectuals and our own all too clearly; and for this reason, I think, her present novel, "She Came to Stay," has been chastised by some of our literary journals. It is actually an entertaining study of bohemian life in Paris, revolving around a triangle of a famous actor-producer, his mistress, and an impossible adolescent from the provinces whom they both love. Miss Beauvoir is an odd mixture of naivete and sophis-

tication; she goes wrong usually when she applies existentialism as a solution for human situations that are, as she knows in her deeper self, insoluble.

Yet there is something heroic, if also inadequate, in the post-war European attempt to glorify the frustration that is at the core of the existentialist view. If the heroine of "She Came to Stay" seeks deliberately to encompass her own destruction, it is only, we realize, to sound the limits of her own endurance, and during this process the novel has the merit of being thoughtful and honest about rather exotic emotions.

"Thing Is the Form"

THE DESERT MUSIC AND OTHER POEMS. By William Carlos Williams. Random House. \$3.

By John Ciardi

IT IS necessary to love this man. At seventy-one he is old and he knows it. He prepares himself for his own death, unafraid, and yet afraid: a man would have to be a fool to surrender so much life without a tremor. He does the next best thing: he refuses to die before he must. The great nose sniffs at the world like a dog's. The eye makes feasts of flower and light, of shape and motion, of the great chunky endless ineluctable fact of the seen world. The ear follows sound and music. The tongue curls around tastes. The fingers run on the feel of the fact.

"No ideas but in things!" Williams wrote in *The Wedge*: "Saxifrage is my flower that splits/the rocks." That cry must be long with him these days as he goes ferreting the Thing from the fogs of the world, hunting it all the more avidly because he sees his leave-taking in its arrival:

A pair of robins
is building a nest
for the second time
this season. Men
against their reason
speak of love, sometimes,
when they are old. It is
all they can do.
Or watch a heavy goose
who waddles, slopping
noisily in the mud of
his pool.

It is necessary to love this man because he teaches life the richness of its

The last of these European novels, "Perdu," by Paride Rombi, is another Sardinian tale of violence and horror in the life of a small boy. Purely as a novel, it is the best work in this group, original, authentic, and touching. Here we reach once more the roots of the biological life which continues to survive through all sorts of social cataclysms, which has its own rhythms and rewards, and on which, finally, we must put all our hopes. It is somehow a comfort to know that Sardinian life today is almost exactly the same as Sicilian life was in the time of Verga.

own combinations. The world is his mistress, made beautiful by his love. The fact of her is his passion. No poet since Donne has banged more avidly at Things, at the hammer and take of the world upon the senses. Everything, even his own aesthetic, has been shattered in the name of Things.

"There is no form. *Thing* is the form." I have heard him argue it a dozen times, waving his arms at the audience. "Sonnets, iambic pentameter, couplets—you have to do away with all that old stuff!"

And Williams does away with it. And wins. But at a cost, too. Rejecting every traditional measure, he not only has to play out his game but has to invent it at the same time. That he succeeds so often is a tribute to his own immense inventiveness. And, even more, to the fact that he is richly stored with the very traditions he sweeps away with a wave of the arm. Down with meter, yes. But the Williams poems that really lift and go are the ones whose free cadences are haunted by the richest memory of meter:

A pair of robins
is building a nest for the second time this
season.
Men against their reason, speak of love
sometimes,
when they are old. It is all they can
do.
—Or watch a heavy goose who waddles,
slopping
noisily, in the mud of his pool.

To typeset it closer to metric form is no help. I like the poem better in Williams's own triple-split line. But resetting will at least serve to indicate that it

is not so far from metric as the wave of the arm would indicate.

Not long ago Williams appeared on a television show to discuss Robert Penn Warren's "Brother to Dragons" and insisted over and over again: "There has to be some principle of regularity." Warren argued back that the poem was written in a loose five-beat line; but Williams would have none of it. It remains my impression that most of the poems in this book could be reset into a near-regular line no looser than Warren's, which, God knows, is loose enough to be nearly aimless.

Certainly to question what one admires is no irreverence. Williams is one of our great ones. But I cannot help thinking that his achievement is possible only because he ignores most of his aesthetic pronouncements and relies on his own ear and pulse beat, and because he has stored himself so richly with the great measures of iambic pentameter that their march-and-go asserts itself just under his own best cadences.

The danger is that the rush and immediacy of the fact for its own sake may overwhelm that management-of-the-fact which we call poetic measure—whether metric or cadenced. Watching the magazine appearances of Williams's poems in the triple-split line he has been working of late has been an exciting experience. The three parts of the line, if not measurably the same length, *feel* equal. A nice principle of containment seems to be at work, neither too demanding nor inadequate. Yet Williams allows himself to break away at many points from even as simple a measure as this.

That wave of the arm again: "You have to do away with all that old stuff."

And on the other hand Williams on Warren: "There has to be some principle of regularity."

And so there must. And though a man of great intuition may persuade himself that he is following no rule while his very breath-groups observe a real regularity, the problem remains from the root. Williams first found himself as an Imagist. And Imagism may almost be defined as a poetic movement that died a-borning because it could never decide what made a poetic line. Everything else was there—at least in the good ones and certainly in Williams. The passion, the perception, the wish-in-motion. But not the line. The Imag-

ists, and Williams with them, set themselves a heartbreaking task: they not only had to win the wrestling match with form, they had to invent their opponent every time.

No one can hope to be that fertile forever. The fact that Williams manages the trick so often is the highest tribute to the richness of his own sense. The fact that his many books are studded with poems that do not come alive is the inevitable price of his method. To my reading, "Paterson" falls apart of just this lack of an assured line. And for the same lack, at least two-thirds of the shorter pieces. And to my reading, too, the poems that succeed most richly in creating the presence of the Thing are inevitably those that might be most easily reset in a near-metric pattern. One example from the present book—and a most magnificent piece of Williams it is—will have to suffice:

THE ARTIST

Mr. T.
bareheaded
in a soiled undershirt
his hair standing out
on all sides
stood on his toes
heels together
arms gracefully
for the moment
curled above his head.
Then he whirled about
bounded
into the air
and with an *entrechat*
perfectly achieved
completed the figure.
My Mother
taken by surprise
where she sat
in her invalid's chair
was left speechless.
Bravo! she cried at last
and clapped her hands.
The man's wife
came from the kitchen:
What goes on here? she said.
But the show was over.

Would it be too hard to reset this poem into near-iambic-pentameter lines? I think not. But why argue with the man's aesthetic pronouncements when the performance can be that good? One is in danger of sounding like the man's wife coming from the kitchen, damn her! What must really be said is, Bravo!

JOHN CIARDI is the author of "From Time to Time" and other books of verse.

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Theater

Harold Clurman

SUPPOSING a man ran a prosperous notion shop where, among other things, he sold kewpie dolls and fancy chromos. Imagine someone advising him to increase his trade by such publicity as an art critic might be able to give him. Then imagine the art critic coming and being obliged to deliver an opinion on what he saw. Would it help business—or art criticism—if the unfortunate fellow reported that the dolls were inferior to Tanagra statuettes and the postcards not up to the work of Raoul Dufy?

In most European cities there are state theaters, avant-garde theaters, fashionable art theaters, low-down theaters, and general commercial theaters. Entering any one of these theaters, one knows the frame of mind which befits the occasion. With us, practically all theater works are placed, so to speak, on the same shelf. This is a little confusing for the critic and very bad for business.

What is one to say about a play like "Anniversary Waltz" (Broadhurst Theater)? Shall one compare it to the same authors' (Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields) earlier plays—"Junior Miss," and the others? Those plays were huge successes. It is sometimes held that a play's box-office success is none of the critic's business. I am not so sure. The theater is a social and collective art, and the audience is a vital—perhaps a prime—factor in its composition.

That there is an audience for a play is not an inconsiderable clue to the play's character; one must be certain, however, to define the nature of that audience. It would be altogether reasonable for a critic to say, "There are thousands of people who will cheer the play which opened last night but I am not one of them. I wouldn't like it even if it were good." Few critics care to place themselves in so "undemocratic" a position. Under these circumstances they are obliged to talk as if they are capable of liking everything "as long as it's good of its kind"—from every standpoint an untenable and misleading position.

"Anniversary Waltz" is a domestic-relations farce—a sort of stage soap opera. There are jokes about kids who

go to progressive school, about papas who detest TV in families who adore it, about in-laws and other aspects of marital relations. On the second night in New York the greater part of the audience laughed uproariously—though several of the reviewers had been severe with it. I have no opinion. I can only report that in one scene Howard Smith as the father-in-law tickled me. I hasten to warn my readers not to attach too much importance to that fact.

It is different with musicals. The very idea of a musical puts most of our New York audiences into a receptive mood. At a "straight" play the audience, unless it has been discouraged by poor notices, is more or less willing to be convinced. At a musical, unless the notices have been positively dreadful, the audiences are happily convinced the moment the band strikes up for the overture.

"By the Beautiful Sea" (Majestic Theater) is not very much better as a musical than "Anniversary Waltz" is as a farce. But the musical has the advantage of specialty numbers, of scenic variety, and, in this case, of Shirley Booth.

Besides Miss Booth, "By the Beautiful Sea" boasts the delightfully easy

and rhythmic Mae Barnes—she is smoothly unemphatic and most satisfyingly precise—and a wittily imaginative bit staged by Tamaris which is a sort of dance-pantomime of the spicy pictures in the old-time penny arcades. There is a saucy and attractively full-bodied dancer named Gaby Monet. The audience also enjoys an effect devised by Jo Mielziner in which a shadowy light gliding along the lines of a scenic railway painted on the backdrop indicates the movement of its cars. It is a quite naive effect, but it provokes a childlike response of pleasure. When a charming little colored boy (Robert Jennings) dances with Miss Booth (dressed in white) all audience resistance dissolves.

As for Shirley Booth—who makes her plain-Jane quality into something not only reassuring, comforting, and winning but altogether theatrical in a healthy and almost nostalgically old-fashioned way—there remains little more to be said except that she's awfully good. It is amazing how she can make such lines as "I'm a good eater" or "She's brought up lousy" sound clever and heart-warming. She is a superbly effortless professional, and the notion of setting her in the Coney Island of the early 1900's is smart showmanship.

If "By the Beautiful Sea," while remaining essentially undistinguished, succeeds in being enjoyable, it proves what several dashes of performance skill and genial color will do for a show.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE continuing tension and power in a Toscanini performance was a manifestation of the power that was actually being exercised—exercised to hold the hundred men of the orchestra in precisely balanced relation to one another; to maintain the strands of continuing sound in the similar precise balance that produced the unique clarity of texture; to keep everything in the progression in coherent relation of sonority and pace to what preceded and followed. That power was exercised in the performances of the Vivaldi concerto, Verdi Te Deum, and Boito "Mefistofele" Prologue one Sunday; the next Sunday

one heard that it was not being exercised in the performance of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique," in which there was no continuity of impetus and tension, and one thing was not in coherent relation to the next. The power was exercised again at the dress rehearsal for the final broadcast, in magnificent performances of the Prelude to "Lohengrin," the Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried," and the Dawn and Rhine Journey from "Die Götterdämmerung" up to the point where Toscanini stopped to correct a mistake he had corrected the day before, and then, angered by its recurrence, walked out and did not re-

turn. But it was not exercised at the broadcast the next day; and the last performances were a cruelly tragic conclusion to the unequalled achievements of this great and dedicated musician.

For radio listeners the occasion was made worse by the N. B. C. "production executive's" interruption of the transmission of the "Tannhäuser" Bacchanale, which made it appear to those who had been increasingly uneasy over what was happening in the performance that it had come to a halt. But this "production executive" has a lot more to answer for: the excessive loudness of the percussion a little earlier in the Bacchanale, which made it sound at one point like a concerto for castanets, was the kind of falsification of Toscanini's performances by destruction of his carefully worked-out balances that N.B.C. engineers have been allowed to perpetrate for many years with their persistent use of multiple-microphone pickups that have given us woodwinds louder than the rest of the orchestra and other such distortions, and their refusal to use the single-microphone pick-up that gives us the beautifully spaced-out and balanced transmission of the New York Philharmonic. In this falsification of Toscanini's work the N. B. C. engineers were allowed to persist to the bitter end.

AS I listened to Aaron Copland's score for "The Tender Land," the new opera produced by the New York City Opera, I was struck first by the loveliness that was being achieved with the assured mastery one is always aware of in Copland's operation; then, as the work continued, by the variety and unfailing adequacy for the dramatic purposes, the power when this was called for; and in the end by the rich profusion of the invention and elaboration. This seems to me to be Copland's largest and most richly filled-out canvas, so to speak; and the one in which that mastery is most impressive. As for the drama it serves so well, the subject of Horace Everett's libretto is an incident in the life of a simple rural family, of which it makes something high-flown that I for one cannot believe in. One should perhaps listen to the last scene of "The Tender Land" in the way one listens to "Il Trovatore"; but there is the difficulty that what is unbelievable in "The Tender

Land" can't, because of its immediacy in time and place and its English words, be put out of mind as easily as what is unbelievable in "Il Trovatore."

The singing and acting of Rosemary Carlos, Jean Handzlik, Jon Crain, Andrew Gaine, and the rest of the cast, the playing of the orchestra under Thomas Schippers's direction, the staging by Jerome Robbins, the scenery of Oliver Smith, costumes of John Boyt, lighting of Jean Rosenthal, choreography of John Butler—all these added up to a beautiful production of the first distinguished American work the company has presented.

The Vegh Quartet's playing in Beethoven's Op. 59 No. 1 on one Haydn Society record, and in Op. 59 No. 3 and Op. 74 on another, is good; but when you listen to the Budapest Quartet performances you hear a refinement and subtlety, an ensemble integration and fluidity, an elegance and grace that make the Vegh performances sound coarse-grained and stolid. As for recorded sound, the Vegh Op. 59 No. 1 is warm and luminous, but the other two are dry and edged.

Haydn's Sonatas Nos. 1 to 10, played on the harpsichord by Sylvia Marlowe (Haydn Society) are, with one exception, disappointing to someone who expects to hear the writing that is so fascinating in the later keyboard sonatas—the writing in which, as Tovey says, nothing is difficult to follow but everything is unexpected. The exception is No. 6, especially the second and third movements. The performances are good.

Several fine songs by Dowland—"Flow Not So Fast, Ye Fountains," "Sweet, Stay Awhile," "Come Away," and "Fine Knacks for Ladies"—and some engaging ones by less well-known contemporaries are sung with beauty of voice and phrasing by Frederick Fuller to lute accompaniments by Jose de Azpiazu, who contributes bumpy guitar performances of a number of instrumental pieces, including one called "Forlorn Hope" that is extraordinarily and powerfully chromatic (EMS).

And Tower Music of the Seventeenth Century (EMS) offers music written by Johann Pezel for performance by German town musicians that is pleasant to listen to as played by an excellent brass ensemble under Gunther Schuller's direction.

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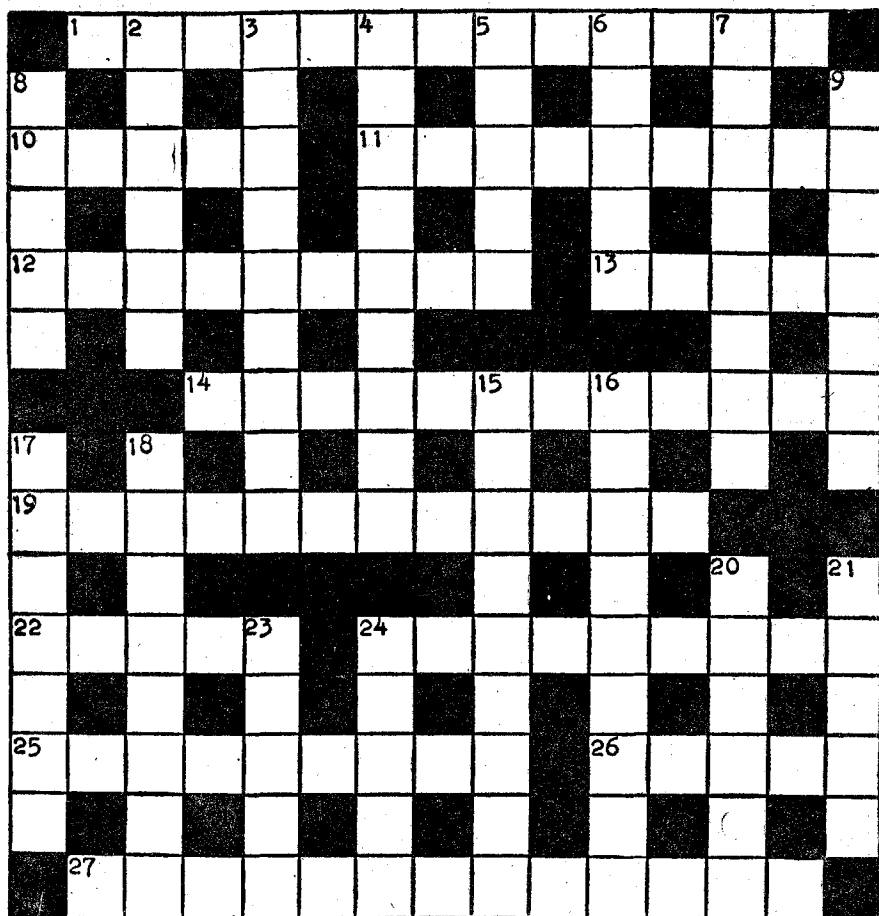
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ACROSS

- 1 Supposedly a good start from a lit-
 tle drink her experts make.
 (3, 2, 3, 5)
- 10 Fish, likely, to be found in a cave.
 (5)
- 11 Apparent at this place, the song re-
 fers to France. (4, 5)
- 12 One might experiment in any color,
 but most in red. (9)
- 13 Particular occasion, yet more than
 one time! (5)
- 14 Is the purpose not so much clothing,
 as a good example? (6, 6)
- 19 Attribute of those who are grasp-
 ing? (12)
- 22 "_____ must when the Devil drives."
 (Rabelais) (5)
- 24 They could be spring or string. (9)
- 25 Solmization. (9)
- 26 General course. (5)
- 27 Should it be peculiar when this red
 threatened to be merciful? (6-7)

DOWN

- 2 With palms extended outward? (6)
- 3 Reasonably good sort of role, in
 synopsis. (9)
- 4 Not to be trusted for a couple of
 turnips? (3-6)
- 5 Standing raise? (5)
- 6 Sweet flower of song. (5)

- 7 Uniform cape? (8)
- 8 Make a political speech to embarrass
 someone. (5)
- 9 Behaves like a sort of 22 with the
 break of morning. (7)
- 15 Close together. (9)
- 16 Team, or its equivalent, which
 guesses the outcome. (9)
- 17 Wrecked ships about an inside race.
 (7)
- 18 Rising air? (8)
- 20 Swear allegiance in the extreme: (6)
- 21 A phase apart. (5)
- 23 If you want to hang, put us back on
 top. (5)
- 24 Horatio said "It is a nipping and
 an _____ air." (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 563

ACROSS—1 MONOTONE; 5 STABLE; 10
 SANDE; 11 REPORTING; 12 GRANADA; 13
 ROUNDEL; 14 WELLES; 15 ACHERON; 18
 ORLEANS; 21 STRAWS; 24 REFUSAL; 26
 OLD ROSE; 27 OUTRIGGER; 28 UGRIC; 29
 TOSSED; 30 BESTOWED.

DOWN—2 NONPAREIL; 3, 1 and 6 THE
 MAIL MUST GO THROUGH; 4 NORMANS;
 7 BLIND; 8 EGGPLANT; 9 SPARTA; 16
 and 17 ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT; 19
 AUSPICE; 20 SILAGE; 21 SCOURGE; 22
 REDOUBT; 23 FENCED; 25 FATES.

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Letters

Ho Chi-minh Program

Dear Sirs: According to Justice Douglas in "North From Malaya" (page 166) this is the sort of thing that Ho Chi-minh proposes as a policy for Vietnam: abolition of absentee landlordism and usury, guaranty of a living wage, production of enough rice and clothing to provide each citizen with his minimum needs, abolition of illiteracy, establishment of "democratic liberties" for everyone, abolition of the hated head tax, and equal rights for women and for minorities.

But Admiral Radford, arguing that the man who makes these demands is a Communist, proposed at a recent meeting of Congressional leaders that four carriers be sent to Vietnam to bomb the "Reds"—meaning those who are in active revolt against the French, together with their women and children and innocent bystanders. I submit that those of us Americans who are more peacefully inclined should demand two things: (1) that the transcript of the secret proceedings be published; (2) that Admiral Radford should be advised that the acts of war that he proposes violate the Constitution of the United States, which he also has sworn to obey.

Berkeley, Calif. CHARLES B. COLLINS

The Way to Peace

Dear Sirs: In the cold light of reality shed by the release of information on the H-bomb, it has become inescapably clear that civil-defense measures are hopelessly obsolete and that our entire structure of alliances abroad and defense at home buys us precious little security. Of course the same scientists that give birth to the marvels of atomic power have warned us that, like it or not, we live in a new age and must, if we are to survive, completely readjust our thinking to existing conditions. They have said with one voice that there is and can be no adequate defense against nuclear weapons.

This means we must work for a federated world—a world in which the only power resides in an international police force, a body like a stronger U. N., responsible for law and order among the members of the community of nations. Will Russia object? Initially, no doubt. But Russia stands to gain as much as we—insurance against annihilation.

Santa Barbara, Calif. DONALD F. KEYS

In Sampson's Footsteps

Dear Sirs: Just returned from a visit in Durham, North Carolina, and culled this gem from a local paper: "McCarthy is the first man since Sampson to slay an army with the jawbone of an ass."

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